

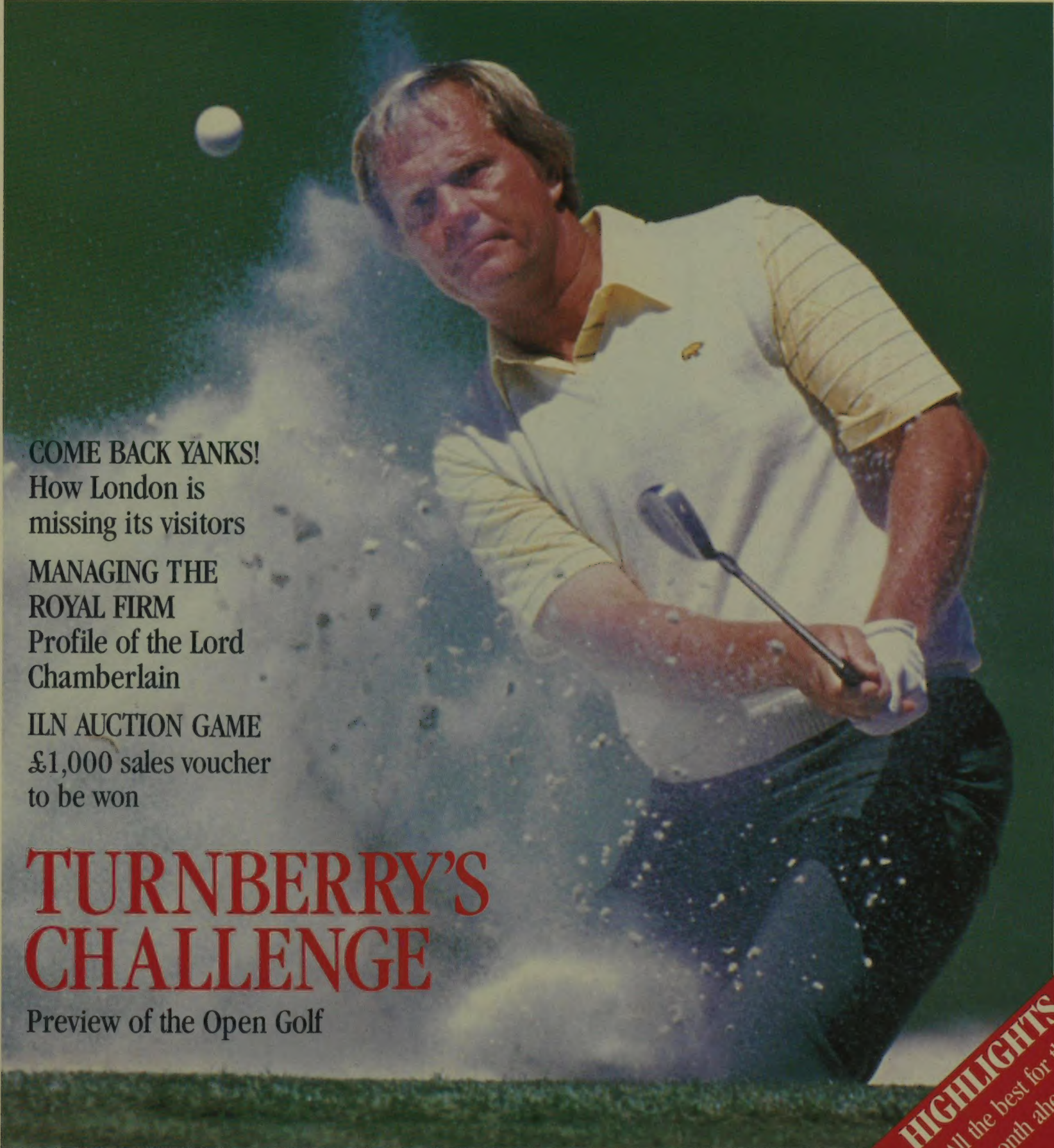
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



JULY 1986

NUMBER 7056 VOLUME 274

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All the best for the
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WHICH CUTTY SARK IS THE REAL MCCOY?

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purchased it from our agent was no business of anyone at Head Office. Even though the amounts

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But when you're thirsting after the real McCoy, there's only one Cutty Sark.

**CUTTY SARK
THE
REAL MCCOY.**



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7056 VOLUME 274 JULY 1986



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FARRELL'S ALEXANDRA PAVILION 34



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COVER PHOTOGRAPH

by David Cannon/All-Sport of Jack Nicklaus: his second chance to win the Open at Turnberry.



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HIGHLIGHTS

A VOICE TO GIVE
A FRISSON

Anyone hearing the Georgian bass Paata Burchuladze sing in Verdi's Requiem (Royal Albert Hall, July 4) or in recital (Royal Opera House, July 6) will understand why von Karajan was tempted to call him "a second Chaliapin". His warm personality is also of a sort to bridge the ideological divide.

J. C. TREWIN

SCOFIELD IS BACK

A fresh challenge for a protean talent

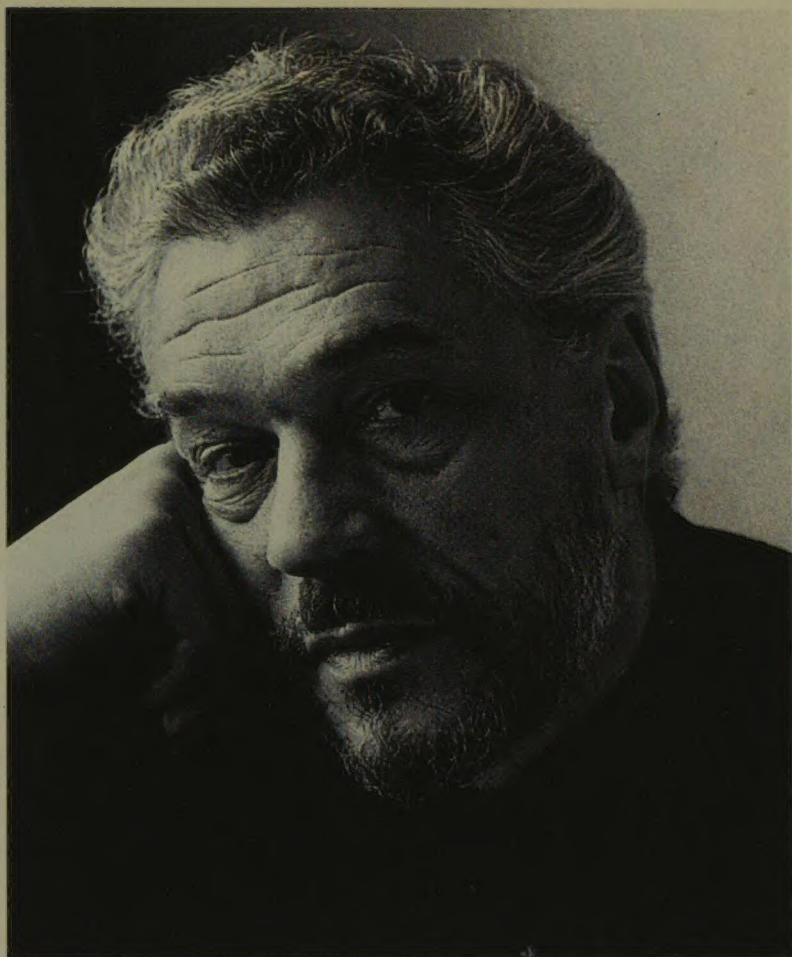
It is 40 years since the Stratford-upon-Avon night when Paul Scofield, then 24 and almost unknown, excitingly humanized that "fantastical Spaniard", Armado, in a *Love's Labour's Lost* directed by the 21-year-old Peter Brook. Back to the stage now after an absence of four years—he is in an American play, *I'm Not Rappaport* (see p76), opening on July 3 at the Apollo—Scofield is probably the most elusive of renowned actors. His special blend of decision and diffidence is rare in his profession, which, none the less, has admired him without reserve as a player and colleague.

He has uncommon gifts: a presence immediately compelling—the face high-cheekboned, deep-lined, with a tense nobility of profile—and an uncanny vocal command. Since early days at Birmingham Repertory he has employed what has been called a "mountain voice" that can shine on the peak or fall, sombre, into the sudden crevasse. Through the years its variations have been protean, as with the squeezed vowels, the overblown chrysanthemum of an accent, that he

chose for the clerk in *The Government Inspector*, or the tones of the dubious barber in *Staircase*, nasal, rusty and flaring out upon a final syllable. He can be a majestic Shakespearian—his Lear is the amplest of his time—but it is unprofitable to search for any natural "Scofield part". He has never lived on repetition and never will: he is unremittingly selective. Witness the complexities of his last major roles, all of them at the National: a Volpone in relishing command; a more tentative Constantine in *The Madras House*; the unflinchingly truthful Salieri of *Ama-deus*, with the mica-glittering voice peculiarly his own; and an Othello that rejected any hint of the facile effect.

Invariably gentle and modest, Scofield needs the right kind of theatrical challenge; in performance he can be too powerful for any shoddy script. Now, as ever, he stands far apart from the general run: no wonder that one of his addresses, with his wife Joy, has been a cottage on the west coast of Mull.

I'm Not Rappaport opens July 3, Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, CC).



THE TWO KS CLASH AGAIN

JOHN NUNN

Russia's great chessmen fight another round

London has latterly become a centre for top-class international chess and, on July 28, the world championship itself starts at the Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly. After 12 games the match will switch to Leningrad for the concluding phase.

It is the third world championship contest between Anatoly Karpov and Gary Kasparov in two years. The first started in September, 1984 when the 21-year-old Kasparov attempted to unseat Karpov, 12 years his senior and world champion since 1975. Kasparov adopted his usual fiery style from the start, but Karpov's ability to keep control despite complications enabled him to refute Kasparov's attacks and take an early lead. Then Kasparov modified his approach and began to mimic the champion's style, even adopting the same openings. The new Kasparov proved a tougher opponent but the match dragged on for five months until suddenly the president of the World Chess Federation, Florencio Campomanes, controversially decided to stop it. Personal relations between the players, always cool, became icy, since both believed the decision favoured the other.

The second match, sensibly limited to 24 games, started in September, 1985, again in Moscow. Karpov took a small early lead, but by the half-way stage the

scores were level. The result remained in doubt until the last game when, in a thrilling finale, Kasparov scored a decisive win to take the title.

Although both players have been concentrating on their secret preparations for the July match, their few appearances indicate they are both in excellent form. Their personal differences seem to have been reconciled, so the contest should be conducted on rather than off the chess-

board. The extrovert Kasparov has grabbed most of the headlines, but under his quiet exterior Karpov's will to win is equally strong. I believe Karpov and Kasparov to be two of the best players of all time and we are indeed fortunate that they will be in London this summer.

World Chess Championship, Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W1. July 28-end Aug. Tickets £3-£20 from American Express, 19-20 Berners St, W1 (637 8600).



Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov: playing in London in July.

K_{iwi} cricketers, unlike their national symbol, are flying high after winning in Australia last winter. Their most exciting player is Richard Hadlee, but look out for new fast bowlers Brian Barrett and Willie Watson. England v New Zealand, one-day internationals July 16 at Headingley and 18 Old Trafford. First Test begins on 24 at Lord's.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

THE WARHOL MYSTERY

Fame through a wilful lack of merit

Andy Warhol's huge international success is one of the mysteries of our time. Fashionable since his first New York exhibition in the early 1960s (after a brief hiccup when his early work was rejected as being too much like Roy Lichtenstein's) he has remained a steady star in the firmament of art-world notoriety. It was a demonstration of his staying power when he was included in the Royal Academy's turning-point show, *A New Spirit in Painting*, the only Pop artist in an event mainly devoted to boosting the new school of Neo-Expressionists.

What about the pictures themselves? Their main quality is their wilful lack of merit. Based on found images and later on Polaroid photographs taken by Warhol, they are crudely silkscreened on to canvas, not by the artist himself but by assistants working under his direction. The process is deliberately slipshod, and the colours are usually rebarbative.

Warhol is the still centre of a whirl of activity, of which painting forms only a part. He has his own magazine (*Interview*) and his own cable TV station, and he used to make films. He has perfected the technique of goading other people into action by his own passivity. Granted all this, it is fair to see the self-portrait as his only real subject. Andy peeps slyly out at us from behind the images of Mao in maquillage and Marilyn Monroe. This time his show at the d'Offay Gallery consists of undisguised self-portraits.

Anthony d'Offay, 9 & 23 Dering St, W1. July 8-Aug 22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.



SIMON BARNES

ZOLA'S ZEST

Waif or symbol, she is in fine form

Like it or not, Zola Budd is the central figure at every event in which she is involved—whether she is running or not. It will be the same at the Commonwealth Games starting in Edinburgh on July 24.

Budd, born in South Africa and an adopted Briton, plans to run in the 1,500 metres, which is a little short a distance for her, and in the 3,000 metres later in European athletics championships. Short or not, it looks as if all Budd has to do to win in Edinburgh is turn up.

This is not as easy as it seems. Views vary on the Budd phenomenon: she is either a poor, innocent waif, or a potent political symbol. There is no middle course. Recently her eligibility to run for England has been closely examined.

Budd's—and South Africa's—political opponents point out that she does not spend the required annual six months in Britain. She prefers to spend most of her time in South Africa though she owns a house near Guildford. The vagueness of the rules of eligibility are on her side.

It had been feared that Budd's pres-

ence would cause mass boycotting of the Games. Not so: the African nations, even if unhappy with the Budd situation, appear to have given up boycotts after the Olympics of 1972 and 1976.

On the track, her opponents are unlikely to be so troublesome. She has been in magnificent form all year, setting a world record for the indoor 3,000 metres, and winning the world cross-country championship (at which an African official refused to present her with the gold medal). Wendy Sly of England, second in the famous Olympic race in which Budd tangled with Mary Decker (Budd was seventh), could push her if she decides to run in the event. Otherwise the race is for second place, with two more Englishwomen, Christina Boxer and Gill Dainty, first and second in the last Commonwealth Games, the main contenders.

Budd, with her extraordinary elastic stride, which seems far too long for her height, has the beating of them all.

Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh. July 24-Aug 2.



MICHAEL KING/ALL SPORT

Aiming for victory:
Zola Budd
in this year's
Commonwealth Games.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE...

A chance for leadership in Europe comes Britain's way on July 1 when, for only the third time since joining in 1973, this country takes over the Presidency of the European Community for six months from the Dutch. This means that until passing the torch to Belgium on January 1, British ministers and officials will chair all meetings and represent the EEC's council of ministers in dealings inside and outside the 12 member states.

The Presidency can wield some influence by controlling agendas and time-tables and using its good offices to promote agreement. The culminating London summit meeting in December, no doubt at the new QEII Conference Centre in Westminster, provides an opportunity for statesmanship, while imposing some constraints on the defence of national interests.

The British Government's support for President Reagan's bombing of Libya, though resented within the EEC, may help the Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe to ease US-European tensions. These could spill over into a trade war and trouble within Nato. The Libya crisis underlined the need for the EEC to get its act together on issues like terrorism.

Within the supposedly common market, British efforts will focus on the programme to remove internal trade barriers and liberalize air, sea and land transport. The negotiation of the community's 1987 budget will again spotlight the appalling cost of the Common Agricultural Policy and the strong claims on funds of unemployment blackspots.

Bardophiles should betake their iambic feet to Regent's Park Open Air theatre on July 20 when from 10am all of Shakespeare's 154 sonnets will be performed by a relay of Thespians.



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Portiers of Champagne,
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By Appointment to
H.M. the Queen Mother,
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Paul Eddington

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Open Monday to Friday 9am to 5pm all year, and 10am to 4pm on Saturdays (April to October). Adults £1, Children and OAPs 50p, Family Ticket (2 adults, 2 children) £2.

No reservations are necessary although it is advisable for large parties. For further information please contact our Tours Operator on Barlaston (078 139) 3218.

Wedgwood Visitor Centre

Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST12 9ES



With his hands insured for £1m, Britain's Frank Bruno takes on Tim Witherspoon of the USA for the world heavyweight boxing title at Wembley Stadium on July 19. He is the first British contender since Joe Bugner fought Mohammed Ali in 1975.

SPIELBERG'S SNUBS

GEORGE PERRY

Box office success and acclaim yes, Oscars no

Steven Spielberg's *The Color Purple* (reviewed on page 66) opens in London on July 11, having already clocked up returns of \$90 million or so in the United States. The sort of box-office performance that other film-makers envy is a matter of routine for his company, Amblin Entertainment, which flourishes even in the present Hollywood climate of belt-tightening. Spielberg films tend to make money whether they are the ones he directed or—as in the case of last year's hit *Back to the Future*, directed by Robert Zemeckis, and this year's *The Money Pit*, by Richard Benjamin—products of his company.

"Success is good and bad," Spielberg observed to me when I visited him in Los Angeles. "It's good that I can keep satisfying myself and audiences—getting them into theatres to see the movies is what success is about. But it also makes me a target for any cheap shot from just about anybody. They start putting down not just the films I direct but also the ones I executive-produce. The executive producer is someone who shepherds a film along. The media love sensationalism and often ignore the truth. They'll say *The*



Money Pit is my film, but it's Dick Benjamin's from start to finish. So it's very unfair that I'm mentioned as the author of that film. And also unintelligent. Everything is over-simplified. America is becoming a bite-sized country. If you can't put it in your mouth and swallow it in two chews it's not palatable any more. That

goes for film criticism and media stories."

Spielberg admires British films and has great respect for the craftsmen working in the industry, whom he regards as the world's best. He has two films planned for London, one to be directed by Robert Zemeckis, and a third Indiana Jones picture, which he intends to direct himself.

That is good news for the British industry: Spielberg's films have in the last 10 years brought in an estimated billion dollars simply from their United States release. Seven of them, according to *Variety*, are among the top 20 most successful films of all time. Spielberg cancelled his trip to the Cannes Film Festival this year, ostensibly as a precaution against a Libyan counterstrike, but also as a consequence of his lukewarm feelings towards the Hollywood establishment, following the snub at this year's Academy Awards ceremony when *The Color Purple*, in spite of an array of nominations, failed to pick up a single Oscar.

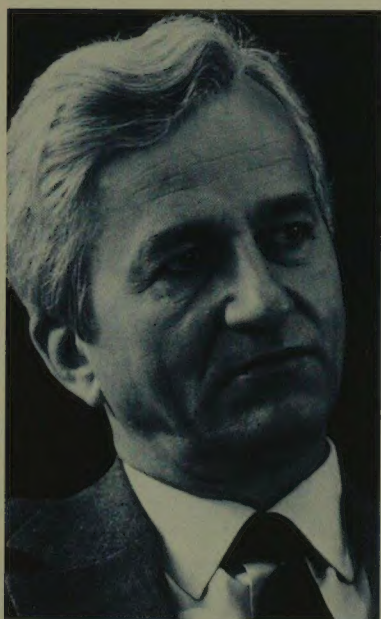
Spielberg, the most successful producer/director in film history, has still to win his first gilded statuette.

The Color Purple opens July 11. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, CC).

MAN OF COURAGE

ROGER BERTHOUD

A West German President of high moral stature



The President of the Federal Republic of Germany pays a state visit to Britain from July 1 to 6. In his quietly handsome way, Dr Richard von Weizsäcker, aged 66, is one of his country's most impressive post-war politicians. A courageous advocate of reconciliation with eastern Europe long before it was accepted by

his own Christian Democratic party, he has confronted Germany's war crimes unflinchingly in his speeches since becoming President in 1984 (after a spell as Governing Mayor of West Berlin).

In the Second World War he served in an aristocratic infantry regiment while his father, a naïve conservative patriot, was head of Ribbentrop's Foreign Ministry. On the second day of Hitler's invasion of Poland Richard, aged 19, was nearby when his older brother Heinrich was killed by a Polish bullet. Another brother, Carl-Friedrich, a well-known physicist and philosopher, became head of the Max Planck Institute near Munich.

The President's strong moral sense, reinforced by many years of prominence in the German Protestant Church, does not stop him from being the most charming and piercingly intelligent of men in private, with fluent English helped by early legal studies at Balliol College. He will spend his first four days as a guest of the Queen at Buckingham Palace. There will be a state banquet there on July 1, a banquet in his honour at Guildhall in the City on July 2, after he has addressed both Houses of Parliament, and on July 3 he will host a dinner in honour of the Queen at the embassy residence. His programme includes visits to Cardiff, Milton Keynes and to the Austrian-born philosopher Karl Popper at his home near London.



DAVIS PASSES ON THE BATON

Fidelio and farewell: after 15 years as music director of the Royal Opera, Colin Davis bows out with a new production, opening on July 2.



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THE ROYAL WEDDING

The wedding of the year takes place on Wednesday, July 23 when Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson will be married in Westminster Abbey before 1,800 guests and a world wide television audience of millions. John Thirsk's illustration shows the Abbey as it will appear on the day, looking up the nave from the west door towards the High Altar, where the couple will stand for the marriage service before the Archbishop of Canterbury, with members of the royal family on the right of the Sanctuary and the bride's family on the left. Alan Hamilton contributes this viewers' guide.

BEST MAN Prince Edward, a page at Princess Anne's wedding, 1973, and joint "supporter" with Prince Andrew at Prince Charles's wedding, 1981.

BRIDESMAIDS Lady Rosanagh Innes-Ker (7), daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe; Laura Fellowes (6), niece of the Princess of Wales; Zara Phillips (5), daughter of Princess Anne and Prince Andrew's god-daughter; Alice Ferguson (5), the bride's half-sister.

PAGES Prince William (4); Peter Phillips (8), son of Princess Anne; Andrew Ferguson (7), half-brother of the bride; Seamus Makim (5), nephew of the bride.

CLERGY Westminster Abbey, like St George's Chapel, Windsor, is a "Royal Peculiar", its clergy answerable not to the Archbishop of Canterbury but directly to the Queen. Nevertheless the couple will be married by Archbishop Runcie, assisted by a multi-denominational array of clergy including the Archbishop of York, Dean of Westminster, Chaplain to the Fleet, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, and the Moderators of the Church of Scotland and the Free Church Federal Council.

CHOIR The 12 men and 22 boys of the Abbey choir will be joined by the six men and 10 boys of the choir of the Chapel Royal at St James's Palace, all elevated to the organ loft to leave the choir stalls free for Government and diplomatic guests. Choristers, like the Abbey clergy, wear scarlet cassocks to show they sing for a Royal Peculiar. Adult choir members are professional singers and members of Equity; they could make up to £1,000 each on the day from fees and worldwide television rights.

THE RING Welsh gold from the same mine at Clogau St David's, near Dolgellau, has provided the wedding rings of Sarah Ferguson, the Princess of Wales, Princess Margaret, Princess Anne, the Queen and the Queen Mother.

PROCESSION The bride's procession from the west door of the Abbey to the altar walks on a river of blue carpet, covering the memorial tablets to Winston Churchill, Thomas Telford and David Livingstone, but avoiding those to the Unknown Warrior and Prince Andrew's great-uncle, Earl Mountbatten.

NAVE The 800 guests seated in the nave will see almost nothing of the service, their view blocked by the ornate gilded choir screen built by Edward Blore in 1834. Some 400

guests packed into each of the transepts, including Poets' Corner, will have a slightly better view. A total of about 1,800 guests are expected. By building special stands, the Abbey squeezed in an astonishing 6,500 guests for the Queen's coronation in 1953.

ROYAL FAMILY By tradition, the royal family always sit on the right of the sanctuary. When Princess Anne was married here in 1973, they therefore reversed the usual sides for bride's and groom's families. As the newlyweds leave the Abbey, they bow and curtsy as they pass the Queen, acknowledging not mother but monarch.

FERGUSONS The Ferguson family sit on the left of the sanctuary, the traditional side for relations of the bride.

SERVICE This will be the 14th royal wedding in Westminster Abbey. The first was on November 11, 1100, when Henry I married Princess Matilda of Scotland. The last was on November 14, 1973, when Princess Anne married Captain Mark Phillips.

ALTAR After the marriage ceremony the couple will step up for a private blessing by the Archbishop of Canterbury before the altar and its intricately carved and gilded screen designed by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1867.

PRAYERS The couple have chosen the traditional 1662 form of the marriage service rather than the Alternative Service Book version with its modernized language.

REGISTER After the Archbishop's blessing, couple, clergy and principal members of both families pass through the door to the right of the altar screen into Edward the Confessor's Chapel for the signing of the registers. These are laid out on a table between the Confessor's shrine, dating from 1268, and the historic Coronation Chair of 1301 with its Scottish Stone of Destiny underneath. Three registers are signed: the Royal Register of all royal family marriages, normally kept at St James's Palace; and the two copies of the Abbey register containing records of all marriages in the Abbey. For this wedding the Abbey registers have extra-large pages inserted to cope with the signatures of all the clergy and witnesses. After the 10-minute signing, conducted in private, the party re-emerge from the door on the left of the altar screen, and the couple begin their walk down the aisle.

FLOWERS Flowers in the Abbey are being arranged by the National Association of Flower Arrangement Societies. Bouquets for the bride and

bridesmaids are being made by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, under the direction of arranger Jane Packer. Royal wedding bouquets traditionally include a spring of myrtle from a bush at Osborne grown from the myrtle sprig in Queen Victoria's wedding bouquet.

DRESS The bride's and bridesmaids' dresses, designed by Lindka Cierach under tight security at her Fulham workshop, are the wedding's most closely guarded secret, and will be first seen when the bride sets out for the Abbey from Clarence House. Prince Andrew will wear the ceremonial day dress of a Royal Navy lieutenant which, like all officers, he has to buy himself out of his £11,300 annual Navy salary. Of the guests, serving officers wear ceremonial day dress with sword, serving soldiers and sailors wear uniform with medals, gentlemen morning dress or lounge suit, and ladies, day dress with hat.

TELEVISION Princess Margaret's marriage in 1960 was the first royal wedding to be televised, Princess Anne's in 1973 the first in colour. This time the BBC plans an eight-hour live transmission, beginning at breakfast time, and presented by David Dimbleby, whose father Richard was commentator for the 1953 coronation.

COST Major Ronald Ferguson is relieved of the traditional financial burden of the bride's father. The Ministry of Defence pays for the ceremonial, and most of the rest comes from the Queen's private resources. At the time of Princess Alexandra's wedding in 1963, the total cost to the taxpayer was claimed to be only £650—for decorations in the Mall. This time even that will be saved; they will still be in place from the German state visit earlier in the month.

BELLS The bells of nearby St Margaret's, Westminster, parish church of the House of Commons, peal before the service. Afterwards the Abbey bells will ring a full peal lasting three and a half hours.

MUSIC Music is under the direction of Simon Preston, Abbey organist and master of the choristers, assisted by trumpeters from the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. The couple's choice of hymns is traditional and popular: "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty the King of Creation"; "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us"; and "Come down, O Love Divine". After the Blessing the choir sing Sir William Walton's setting of "Set Thou A Seal Upon My Heart".



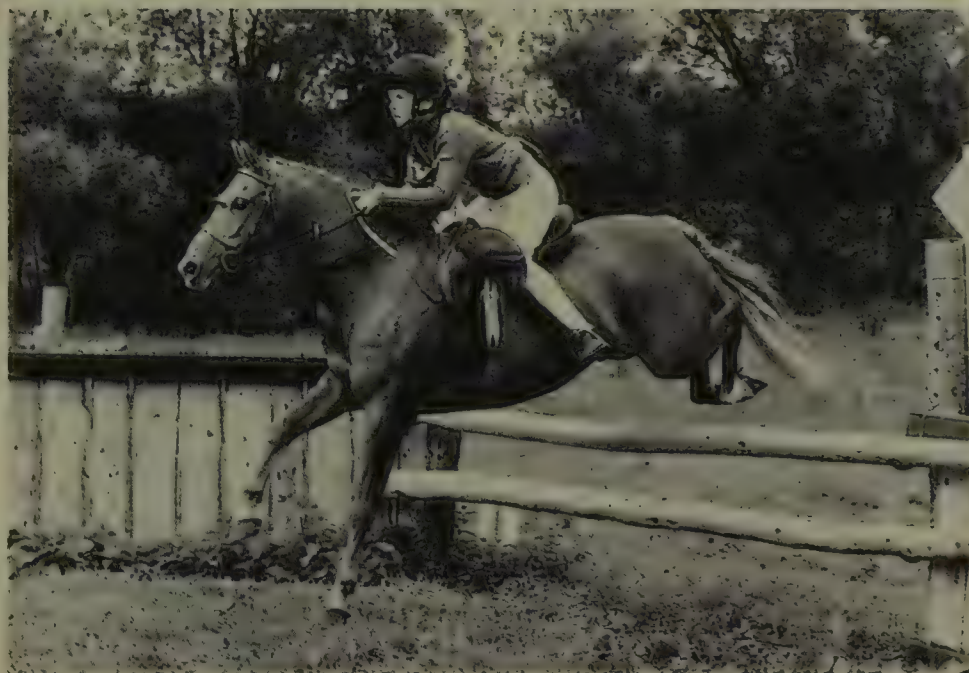


ALBUM PICTURES

The official engagement portrait of Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson was taken by Terence Donovan in the Blue Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. Family album photographs of Sarah show the sophisticated future princess in her childhood.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMERA PRESS





MANAGING THE ROYAL FIRM

The man masterminding this month's royal wedding is Lord Airlie, who became Lord Chamberlain two years ago. Marcel Berlins profiles the former banker whose main job is to make the monarchy run efficiently.

The job has been likened to that of managing director of a company—but a company with a difference. It conducts no business, makes no profits and has only one shareholder—the Queen. With her own Private Secretary, the Lord Chamberlain is the most important of her backroom boys; on him rests the awesome responsibility of making sure that Britain's greatest asset, the monarchy, runs efficiently and elegantly. The organization of royal weddings is but one of his myriad duties, albeit perhaps the happiest.

The Lord Chamberlain is head of the 400-strong Royal Household, the manager of London's largest family residence, Buckingham Palace, once described as being "like a huge luxury hotel where no one pays." To list just a few of the responsibilities that have accumulated over nearly 1,000 years, he also looks after the monarch's palaces, her paintings and her Crown Jewels; makes sure that the Poet Laureate gets the £27 yearly (or equivalent in wine) that the poet carries; and decides which lucky marmalade manufacturer, whisky distillery, or toy shop will have the right to bear the royal crest and its proud accompanying legend "By appointment to...". The censorship of plays performed in the theatre, once his most notorious duty, fell into justified disrepute and ridicule and is happily no more. His symbol of office survives: a white wand, which he breaks at the graveside at the end of the Monarch's funeral, to mark the demise of the Royal Household together with the King or Queen it served.

He is, too, the Queen's emissary to the House of Lords, though when she addresses Parliament he traditionally remains behind at the Palace,

to guard it against attack or *coup*. Court ceremonial is in his charge, as is the organization of royal events, from the informal garden parties to the grandest state banquets (at which he is to be seen, preceding the Queen into the banqueting hall, walking backwards).

He has been responsible for every facet of the royal wedding arrangements: compiling the guest list and seating details (a particularly sensitive issue in a city where diplomatic jealousies abound), deciding the route and which regiments are given the privilege of lining it, the order of service at Westminster Abbey, the clockwork timing which will ensure that the newlyweds will be back at the Palace at 12.20pm, and even granting the accolade of baking the wedding cake. He is fortunate in being served by an experienced staff, many of whom took part in arranging the Prince of Wales's wedding in 1981.

David, 13th Earl of Airlie, wears the mantle of his responsibilities lightly. He is a slimly built, elegant, handsome man of 60, charming and humorous but with a residue of reserve (his friends attribute it to shyness) which disappears only when he is with old friends.

If there is such a thing as the correct pedigree for the office, Lord Airlie surely has it in no small measure. He has moved in royal circles all his life. His grandmother Mabell, Countess of Airlie, was Lady in Waiting to Queen Mary, wife of King George V, for more than 50 years. His father, the 12th Earl, was a Lord in Waiting to the King during the 1920s, and subsequently Lord Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother. During the King of Spain's recent state visit to

London, Lord Airlie was proudly able to wear his father's 60-year-old ceremonial robes—without needing the attention of a tailor. The royal connexion has continued into his own generation. His younger brother, Angus Ogilvy, married the Queen's cousin Princess Alexandra. His own wife, Virginia, has been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen since 1973 and he succeeded Lord Maclean as Lord Chamberlain in 1984.

The earldom of Airlie is one of the most ancient and illustrious of Scotland; the family and clan name Ogilvy is even deeper-rooted in Scottish history. The second earl of Airlie, taken prisoner at the disastrous battle of Philiphaugh during the English Civil War, was sentenced to death and escaped the night before his execution, dressed in his sister's clothes. The sixth earl, David, led 500 of his Ogilvy clansmen in vain support of Bonnie Prince Charlie at the battle of Culloden in 1745; and had to escape to France for his pains, shorn of his lands and his fortune.

Subsequent Airlies, though with the family coffers only partly refilled after the sixth earl's pardon, have had an easier time of it. Home was, and is, Cortachy Castle, on the foothills of the Highlands. It is partly agricultural and partly moorland, traditional shooting, fishing and stalking country, all of which sports Airlie still pursues with passion and skill. The family's original seat, Airlie Castle, is just 12 miles away. Customarily occupied by elder members of the family, it is now used by Lord Airlie's son and heir, Lord Ogilvy.

The present Earl was brought up to wealth and privilege, surrounded by retainers, with 40,000 acres of Scottish estates as his backyard. If he needed a change of scenery, the —>

➤➤ Norfolk estates of his maternal grandfather the Earl of Leicester were available. David Ogilvy was one of six children, three of each sex, and by an astonishing coincidence his father also came from a family of three boys and three girls, and his own six children are equally divided. Family tradition ordained that he be schooled at Eton and then join the Scots Guards. Just too young to see active service during the war, he made up for it later fighting Communist insurgents in the jungles of Malaya. "He enjoyed his time in the Army," a fellow-soldier recalls. "He was a very good looking young subaltern, much pursued by the ladies. They came at him in droves." But he left the Army in 1950, at first to take an estate management course to enable him the better to run the lands which he would one day inherit. A bad riding accident the following year led both to his marriage and to a fortuitous choice of profession.

Ogilvy first met the effervescent Virginia Ryan in London when a mutual friend asked him to show the visiting American girl around the town. Nothing happened then, but two years later, on his way to Jamaica to recuperate after his accident, he stayed with Virginia's family in New York. Her own family tree included great-grandfather Thomas Fortune Ryan, a pioneer railroad magnate, and grandfather Otto Kahn, who was, in the early decades of the century, famous as a banker, financier and patron of music. The friendship quickly deepened and they were married in 1952. She was only 19.

"They make an absolutely splendid couple," a friend commented, summing up what is clearly a general view. "They really enjoy each other's company, and they have good fun together. She's terribly unstuffy, and if there was any danger of David taking himself too seriously or becoming pompous, she'd soon put a stop to it." The Countess of Airlie is herself a respected patron of the arts, a former Chairman of the Friends of the Tate Gallery and now a Trustee. "She has a very good eye for pictures, and she's very knowledgeable," according to a family friend. "She's got quite a lot of artistic talent herself, but she hasn't really had the time to develop it." Lord Airlie is more keen than expert, but enjoys the social friends the couple have made through their artistic connexions. It was after a dinner at a mutual friend's, a picture framer, that Graham Sutherland offered to paint Lord Airlie's portrait. The large canvas, with a be-kilted Airlie striding purposefully through the Scottish landscape, was to be Sutherland's last work, completed a month before his death.

Airlie's accident also forced him to re-think his career. Flat on his back in hospital, worried about the future

of large family estates, convinced of the need to make an independent living, he decided on the City. He joined merchant bankers Schroder Wagg weeks after his marriage, and stayed for more than 30 years, working his way up from the securities counter to Chairman and Chief Executive first of the bank, then of the entire Schroder empire.

"He was excellent, and Schroder's have good reason to be very grateful to him," a senior colleague commented. "Just to give one example, he realized very early on how important the Far East and Japan were going to be commercially; as a result Schroder's were among the first to get into those markets, and they've been very profitable. He may have been born with a silver spoon, but what he did at Schroder's was through ability, not birth or connexions. He worked his way up."

Another colleague commented: "He has a very good feel for what people are capable of. He made some very interesting appointments; he didn't always pick the most obvious person for promotion to a particular job, but almost always his choice was vindicated. He's no great intellectual. His decisions are not based on deep analysis. But he has a tremendous feel for the situation, for knowing what's right in particular circumstances."

There is full agreement that Lord Airlie is totally unpretentious and utterly without airs. Like many confident aristocrats, he is at ease with everyone. "When we invite him for lunch now," a Schroder executive relates, "he's invariably late, because on his way up he's always stopping to talk to messengers, telephonists, doormen, secretaries, everyone who used to work with him. He's always shown great concern for people and their problems."

"I sometimes think he gets on better with, for want of a better term, 'ordinary' people than with people of his own class," a friend of long standing remarked. "He once said to me about someone we had just met, 'the trouble with him is that he thinks being a Lord is important.' Nonetheless he naturally takes his present duties seriously. "If there is one thing that is more important to him than any other, it is his sense of duty—to his family, to his clan, to his company and now to his Queen."

Although he has been singularly successful in discharging all those duties, Airlie seems far from arrogant. If anything, he veers to the self-effacing. Partly, it goes with the job. A high-profile Lord Chamberlain would not be appropriate. Of the millions of television viewers who will see him on their screens during the wedding ceremony of Prince Andrew and his vivacious bride Sarah Ferguson, few will realize his identity, even fewer the extent of his responsibility for the spectacle. He would not wish it otherwise ○

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ASSESSING THE BOMB DAMAGE

From Donald U. Bathrick Jr

Dear Sir, From your comment "Assessing the Bomb Damage" (*ILN*, May), I realize the spirit of Neville Chamberlain is flourishing in Great Britain. Haven't you people learned anything?

You call for "tough, concerted diplomatic and economic sanctions". Who will join America in these sanctions? England? Libyan diplomats shot one of your police-women. What did you do about it? Kick out their diplomats! Tough! Will France join us? They haven't been a factor since Napoleon. Who needs them? What about Italy? They freed Abul Abbas, who planned the takeover of an Italian cruise ship, after the United States pleaded for his detention. There is more, much more. The view from over here is that our "allies" have no courage or ability to do anything.

You should know that incessant criticism of the US from Europe is being heard over here. We wonder: what is in the alliance for us?

There is no counting the aid and lives America has given Europe. What do we get in return? Criticism. Lectures. Disapproval. All of this from nations that would be satellites of the Soviet Union if it were not for American military might.

You cannot have a free ride much longer. It is time you carried more of the cost of freedom. You English largely invented the concept of personal freedom, and you have paid dearly for freedom many, many times. What a loss for the world if England is no longer willing to pay!

When you quit wringing your hands and join us in an effort to stop terrorism, then we will accept, or at least listen to, your criticism.

I will allow my subscription to expire.

Donald U. Bathrick Jr
Nashville, Tennessee

From Mahlon R. Hagerty

Dear Sir, Your editorial, "Assessing the Bomb Damage" was extremely well done. It should be required reading for those in the Reagan administration who call the shots (literally). Still suffering loss of face from military ventures in Cuba, South-east Asia, Iran, etc, Washington welcomes any opportunity to flex its awesome power to prove that we are still "Number One". It is no surprise that "Rambo" helped Americans give vicarious vent to their frustrations over Vietnam.

In viewing terrorism, we Americans make the dire mistake of failing to comprehend the root causes of violence, namely, a desperation so deep and so hopeless that it turns into an obsession to strike at the

sources of a people's suffering.

Where poverty, hunger and disease are rampant over a long period, or when a people's humanity is callously ignored by a self-styled élite, it should come as no surprise when fanatics (religious or political), unable to wage traditional warfare, resort to hit-and-run tactics. Neither warships nor tough talk are effective weapons against them.

Unfortunately but predictably, the United States, a comparative neophyte in the field of imperialism, tends to take a hysterical rather than a historical approach to international problems. The ultimate in terrorism, of course, is war. In the nuclear age this path could have "earth-shaking" consequences.

Mahlon R. Hagerty
Phoenix, Arizona

LONDON'S SALEROOMS

From Christie's Group Public Relations and Marketing Director

Dear Sir, In your recent feature "London as an Art Centre" (*ILN*, May) there is a statement in the article by John McEwen on Leslie Waddington which is both incorrect and unfair. Mr Waddington is quoted as saying that the two major auction houses have "put nothing back" by way of research or academic awards which would assist the art world.

In the case of Christie's this is untrue. We support research fellowships at both Oxford and Cambridge; we have underwritten publications for the British Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum and the Ashmolean Museum; we give financial support to the Royal Academy, the NACF, the Tate Gallery and many others. Our pioneering "Christie's Inaugural" summer shows of work from London art colleges, although suspended this year in favour of another good cause, have given a flying start to numbers of "young artists", some of whom are no doubt members of Mr Waddington's stable now.

We have opened up our enormous photographic archive by means of a microfiche publication and our research facilities are continuously available to students and academics.

Beside this are charitable donations and activities too numerous to mention; the most recent of which was the "New Art: New World" sale of contemporary art on behalf of Save the Children Fund in which Mr Waddington participated, giving added impetus to our efforts which we contributed free of charge.

In pointing all this out, I am aware that charity should remain silent; but on the other hand criticism should be fair, and I am afraid Mr Waddington's was not.

Paul Whitfield
Christie's, St James's
London SW1

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, May 12

Libya expelled 36 diplomats representing seven West European countries in retaliation for recent restrictions on Libyans in Europe.

The House of Lords agreed without a vote to keep television cameras in the chamber.

Tuesday, May 13

Two airmen and a Gurkha soldier were killed and 14 others injured when an RAF Chinook helicopter crashed during an exercise in the Falklands.

Wednesday, May 14

British Shipbuilders announced that 3,500 workers would be made redundant by March next year and that yards at Middlesbrough, Troon and Wallsend would be closed. The Government responded by detailing a £10 million package to assist in retraining and job creation.

Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, broke his 18-day silence on the Chernobyl nuclear disaster with an appeal for an international early warning system for nuclear accidents. It was later announced that the death toll had risen to 25, more than 1,000 people had been injured and 92,000 evacuated from the affected area.

Iran's UN ambassador reported that 72 people had been killed and 285 injured in an Iraqi air raid on a railway station in south-west Iran.

Elio de Angelis, the Italian motor racing driver, was fatally injured when his car crashed in practice at the Le Castellet circuit in France.

Thursday, May 15

Government figures showed that unemployment rose by 1,282 in April to 3,325,058.

British Caledonian announced that it was cutting its workforce by 13 per cent and 1,000 employees would be made redundant.

Friday, May 16

The rate of inflation fell to 3 per cent in April.

Francis Pym, former Conservative Minister whose last office was Foreign Secretary, said he would not be standing at the next general election.

15 people were shot dead and 24 wounded as separatist guerrillas attacked a Bengali settlement in Bangladesh's south-eastern Chittagong hills.

The US Army said that it had bought 900 white geese to help guard bases in West Germany.

Sunday, May 18

Joaquin Balaguer of the Reformist Social Christian Party won the Dominican Republic presidential elections, earning himself a fourth term in office.

19 people died when a French navy aircraft crashed in Djibouti in north-east Africa.

Monday, May 19

South Africa launched an air and ground attack on alleged African National Congress bases in Zimbabwe, Zambia and Botswana. Three people were killed and dozens injured in an attack which provoked widespread condemnation.

Ian Botham was dropped by the Test and County Cricket Board from the two one-day internationals against India after he admitted in a Sunday newspaper that he had smoked cannabis. At a meeting of the TCCB's disciplinary committee on May 29 he was then banned from all Test and County first-class cricket matches until July 31.

More than 100 people were killed and 90,000 left homeless when a typhoon struck the Solomon Islands.

The British film *The Mission*, directed by Roland Joffé, won the Palme d'Or for best film at the Cannes Film Festival.

Wednesday, May 21

Kenneth Baker was appointed Secretary of State for Education following Sir Keith Joseph's retirement. John Moore was appointed Transport Secretary and Nicholas Ridley Environment Secretary.

The general election in the Netherlands was won by the coalition of Christian Democrats, led by Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers, and the conservative Liberals.

Thieves stole 17 paintings worth more than £10 million, including a Goya and a Vermeer, from the Irish home of diamond millionaire Sir Alfred Beit in County Wicklow. Seven of the less valuable paintings were later found abandoned nearby.

In South Africa, 42 people died and more than 30,000 were left homeless after three days of fighting between rival conservative and radical factions in the black township of Crossroads outside Cape Town.

Thursday, May 22

Two RUC constables and a major in the Army died when an IRA land mine exploded near the South Armagh border.

Libya substituted the teaching of Russian for English in all schools.

Friday, May 23

High street banks in Britain cut base lending rates to 10 per cent.

Saturday, May 24

Mrs Thatcher began a four-day visit to Israel.

Sunday, May 25

Two airmen were killed and two others ejected safely when a Gloster Meteor and a Vampire jet crashed during an air display at RAF Mildenhall, Suffolk.

Tamil guerrillas murdered 20 Sinhalese villagers in the disputed Eastern Province of Sri Lanka.

Liberal party leader Virgilio Barco won the presidential election in Colombia.

Monday, May 26

More than 600 people drowned when a passenger boat capsized on the River

Meghna near Dhaka, Bangladesh.

Wednesday, May 28

France conducted its third underground nuclear test this year at the Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific.

Thursday, May 29

The Barbados opposition Democratic Labour Party, led by Errol Barrow, defeated the governing Labour Party in the general election.

Friday, May 30

27 people were killed in two explosions in Sri Lanka which the government blamed on Tamil separatists. The following day 15 people were killed and 24 injured after an explosion on an express train travelling to Colombo.

Saturday, May 31

The Government announced a £3 million "Clean Up Britain" scheme aimed at providing jobs for unemployed youngsters and helping to improve the environment.

A European Ariane rocket, carrying a communications satellite, was destroyed over the Atlantic when its third-stage engine failed to ignite after lift-off from the French space centre at Kourou, French Guyana.

France exploded its fourth nuclear device this year in the South Pacific.

Monday, June 2

A fire, believed to have been started deliberately, destroyed large stocks at a

paper warehouse at Convoys Wharf in Deptford, partly owned by News International.

Tuesday, June 3

Shia Amal militia overran the headquarters of their Sunni Muslim rivals in west Beirut during continuing street-fighting. 25 people died and more than 120 were wounded.

Victor Paige, the first chairman of the NHS Management Board, resigned after a disagreement with ministers over his freedom to manage the service.

England were beaten 1-0 by Portugal in their opening World Cup group match in Mexico.

Dame Anna Neagle, the actress, died aged 81.

Wednesday, June 4

The Aga Khan's *Shahrestani*, trained by Michael Stoute and ridden by Walter Swinburn, won the Derby. The favourite *Dancing Brave* was second and *Mash-kour* third.

Thursday, June 5

America conducted a nuclear weapons test under the Nevada desert.

The US Senate voted to support President Reagan's proposed \$265 million missile sale to Saudi Arabia.

Friday, June 6

The three unions involved in a dispute following the sacking of more than 5,000 print workers at News International rejected the company's £50 million compensation package after ballots of their members.

England drew 0-0 with Morocco in their second World Cup group match.

Sunday, June 8

Dr Kurt Waldheim of the conservative Opposition People's Party won a clear victory in the final vote in Austria's presidential election. Fred Sinowatz, the Socialist Chancellor, resigned the following day and was replaced by Dr Franz Vranitzky.

Monday, June 9

Five people were killed, more than 20 injured and many thousands left homeless after rival groups clashed again at the Crossroads squatter camp and in neighbouring shanty towns outside

Cape Town. Seven more people died the following day.

Tuesday, June 10

Patrick Magee was found guilty at the Central Criminal Court of planting the Provisional IRA bomb at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, in 1984 and killing five people attending the Conservative Party Conference. The following day four other members of the IRA were convicted of planning a bombing campaign last summer on ports, resorts and targets in London.

Aspirin-based products for children were withdrawn from sale in Britain because of a possible link with Reye's Syndrome, a rare disease contracted by children.

England lost the First Test match against India at Lord's by five wickets. Mike Gatting replaced David Gower as England's captain for the remaining two Tests.

Wednesday, June 11

England beat Poland 3-0 in Monterrey to secure qualification for the last 16 of the World Cup.

Thursday, June 12

The South African government declared a national state of emergency which gave virtually unlimited powers to the security forces and imposed severe restraints on media reporting. Several hundred political and anti-apartheid activists were arrested.

The British Government announced the dissolution of the Northern Ireland Assembly.

Friday, June 13

The rate of inflation fell to 2.8 per cent in May—the lowest since January, 1968.

Benny Goodman, the jazz clarinetist, died aged 77.

Saturday, June 14

Jorge Luis Borges, the blind Argentinian writer, died aged 86.

Alan Jay Lerner, the composer and lyricist, died aged 67.

Sunday, June 15

Three people died and 69 were injured in a car-bomb explosion in Durban, South Africa.



Sport Aid's Race Against Time on May 25 in aid of famine relief in Africa attracted 200,000 people who ran a 6 mile course in Hyde Park; similar races were staged in 78 countries. Bob Geldof, the Irish pop singer who organized the event, was made an honorary KBE for his charity work.

CORRECTION

We regret that in our June issue a photograph included in the feature on Britain's Richest Men was wrongly identified as the Earl of Warwick. The Earl was rightly included in the list, but the photograph was of the late Lord Brooke of Cumnor.



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COME BACK YANKS!

OBSER The Chicken

By Russell Baker
NEW YORK — Ladies and gentlemen, we are proud to present the latest American sensation.

You have heard of The Vulgar American, you have heard of The Uncultured American, you have heard of The Quiet American, you have heard of The Ugly American, but the American you will now meet is something entirely new.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to present, for the first time in four centuries, an entirely new-style American. Ladies and gentlemen.

The Chicken American!
"Thanks!"

Richard McElroy hitched his jeans and carefully arranged his stetson until the lone star on its peak centred on his high-boned features. Looking just about as mean as a Texan can, he then moseyed over to the exit of the Seashell fish and chip shop in Lisson Grove, London NW1. Terrorism, he said, did not cause him any grave qualms about coming to England. "Gadafi couldn't be worse than I can be."

Back in Houston, where he came from, there had been a lot of bad publicity about the dangers of coming to London. In fact, a couple of his friends had dropped out of this trip. But the way he had it figured, "this whole business couldn't be any worse than the IRA." What had worried him was whether the Londoners might feel hostile to Americans because of the bombing of Libya, but "everybody's been very warm and friendly". He and his wife had been having a real nice time doing the sights and shops. "Yesterday we had a little ride down the Thames to Greenwich, today we spent a lot of time in Regency [sic] Street and tomorrow it's Windsor." With that McElroy gave his stetson a polite adjustment and moved unfazed into the London night.

Without the McElroy factor, the American equivalent of bulldog breeding, the London tourist business would be in even worse shape than it is, but it has been savagely hit all the same. A spokesman for Trans World Airlines (TWA), the largest carrier of passengers across the Atlantic, said simply, "This summer is going to be pretty much of a wash-out." The bottom has dropped out of group travel. Youth parties and the highly lucrative "incentive" groups, composed of travellers combining business with binge, are the worst affected but no area is unscathed. Last year one in three of the nine million tourists who came to

WHY LONDON IS MISSING YOU

London's hotels, theatres and shops are bearing the brunt of losses from cancelled American holidays in Britain since the Libyan bombing. Lewis Chester describes the impact on the capital and efforts to revive the special relationship.

London were from America. This year agents in New York, Washington and Los Angeles report bookings down by 40 per cent.

At the sharp end of the loss in American tourists is the British Incoming Tour Operators' Association (BITOA) who calculate that their business is down between 40 and 50 per cent. Fred Pearson, a former chairman, makes vivid moon: "Terrorism seems to have struck at the heart of the American traveller and made him feel he is a target. We have never had anything so catastrophic—not even in the worst days of the IRA. And it's the Americans who spend, not the French backpackers. Terrorism is the main factor, but it is partly the fact of a weaker dollar, and partly the cracks in the nose cones of 747s. Now there is Chernobyl. Over in the States they look at Europe as a big map covered in fall-out. The only bright public relations spot for Britain was the Queen strolling through Covent Garden on her 60th birthday."

The British Tourist Authority, the Government's arm in the travel industry, tends to frown on the in-candescence language of Pearson's Association, but the evidence on the ground is that BITOA has the firmer grip on the immediate reality of the crisis.

A covey of eminent Britons has latterly been attempting to cajole, persuade or bribe American tourists back to our historic shores. "Please come, we miss you," said Mrs Thatcher in a series of TV interviews, adding that Americans were as likely to be hit by lightning as by terrorism in Britain. Britain's next ambassador in Washington, Sir Anthony Acland, said Americans were far more likely to be killed in car crashes at home or choking over their dinner than travelling abroad. London's Lord Mayor Sir Allan Davis told New York's mayor Ed Koch just how safe it was in Britain, a

senior Scotland Yard officer assured US travel agents that the dangers had all been exaggerated. British Airways offered 5,600 free flights to London through a prize draw, and Trust House Forte, helped by BA, its rival British Caledonian, Avis and American Express, made a video for American TV news broadcasts showing fearless Americans chatting up pearly kings and queens in Camden Town. Probably it was all too late: Americans plan their holidays well ahead.

There is no doubt that the travel trade sees President Reagan as the villain of the piece. First, by his televised exhortation last year to US citizens to stay at home. Second, by ordering the act of counter-terror against Libya on the night of April 16. And third, by his failure to acquaint Americans with the reality of their being much safer in Europe, even in the wake of Libya, than they would be in New York. It is devoutly hoped that Nancy Reagan's acceptance of an invitation to the wedding of Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson will repair some of the damage, albeit belatedly.

After Reagan, the trade's rogues' gallery is peopled with such luminaries as Sylvester "Rambo" Stallone and Don "Miami Vice" Johnson, among the many Americans of mythic prominence who cancelled European engagements after the Libyan attack. The melt-down of the symbols of American courage inspired Russell Baker, a *New York Times* columnist, to discover a new breed: the Chicken American, who reasons that if Europe is too tough for Rambo then he has no chance.

The third category of villainy is reserved for the American media for inflating the risks of travel in a way that Europeans, still happily holidaymaking in each other's countries, cannot understand. A BITA official said they had been seriously told by a

→ number of Americans. "You're on a war footing over there."

A year ago there was the hijacking of TWA flight 847 flying from Athens to Rome which turned into a 17-day ordeal before 39 American hostages were freed in Beirut. This was followed by the hijacking of the cruise liner *Achille Lauro* off Alexandria, and later the commando storming of an Egyptian airliner in Malta. Then came the killings at Rome and Vienna airports soon followed by the discovery of a bomb in the Eiffel Tower and the spectacle of tanks at Heathrow and British policemen, benign symbols of unarmed stability, carrying automatic weapons and looking unerringly like American cops, at Heathrow and Manchester airports.

"What we see here is not at all what they see here," said Stephen Hecksher of TWA. "The Heathrow tank manoeuvres went on only for a

day but the pictures went on being used again and again. The reports were accurate but the perspective and proportion were completely distorted."

The problem seems to be the reverse of the McElroy factor—exaggerated fearfulness. The representative of a British airline in New York had an inquiry from a schoolteacher about the perils his party of 80 children might encounter in London. He was anxious to know whether the coach transfer from Gatwick to the city "would pass through any of the Libyan areas of London." He was also worried about a scheduled trip to London Zoo and wanted to know "what protection will the children be given in this open space?" The school was in Brooklyn, one of the toughest areas of New York.

Paranoia does not necessarily end on acquaintance with reality. The manager of the Dickens Inn in St Katharine's Dock was recently disconcerted by the appearance of two heavies who announced themselves as the advance security guard for a tour party from the Mid-West. They

just wanted to check that his restaurant was bomb free.

The most conspicuous casualty of this summer's recession has been British Caledonian, forced to declare 1,000 redundancies. Ital suffered a revenue loss of \$3.7 million in the fortnight after the Libyan raid and reckons that the combined effects of Libya and Chernobyl will ensure the loss of another \$25 million over the year. British Airways, though more protected by its wider route structure, has suffered to the extent of having to defer cherished "privatization" plans. There have been lay-offs in the hotel and retail trades, and all leisure industry shares have been badly hit.

The American audience is crucial to many London theatres. Almost £20 million of the £103 million earned in West End theatres last year was spent by Americans, 80 per cent of whom visit the theatre and some of whom take in as many as 20 shows. Other nationalities, who do not speak the language well, tend to limit themselves to musicals. But musicals—the top American viewing—are likely to suffer this summer, along with traditional farce, popular tourist fare.

At the Garrick, home of *No Sex Please, We're British*, the box office said, "Don't ask—it's terrible." For much of their 15-year run they have been playing largely to tourists: "Now its looking pretty awful." Many audiences dwindled to half the size of usual houses. But it was the party bookings and the advance bookings through the summer that were causing concern. They were down nearly 75 per cent. At St Martin's, where *The Mousetrap* is now in its 34th year, they said, "Well, we're not absolutely *stone* dead. We're not playing to totally empty houses, that's all we can say."

Impresario Lou Benjamin of Stoll Moss, owner of 11 West End venues including the Garrick, said the situation was "quite serious," but he thought the medium shows "just joggling along in terms of profit" would be worst affected. Even so, two predicted hits elsewhere have already been prematurely killed by the fall-back in bookings: the acclaimed musical *Judy* on the life of Judy Garland at the Strand, and the thickly starred comedy *Wife Begins at Four* at the Ambassadors. Bill Kenwright, producer of five current London shows, described the situation as "a nightmare". He had personally lost £100,000 in one month trying to keep *Judy* going.

Ted Motchman, whose agency Edwards and Edwards runs a New York office, described the impact on theatre booking agents at the end of

Well, we're not absolutely *stone* dead. We're not playing to totally empty houses, that's all we can say.

St Martin's Theatre, venue of *The Mousetrap*.

April and in early May: "In this period last year we were at the peak, selling 1,000 seats a day in New York alone—enough to fill an entire London theatre." This year at the height of the Libyan panic actual cancellations of seats, involving money loss, were, he said, running at this same level. "It is the packages—tour business—where a proportion of people dropping out makes the whole tour uneconomic, which has been most seriously affected. And student groups. These have been cancelled for the entire summer."

The classic venues, already suffering from poor school audiences during the teachers' strike and declining subsidy, are vulnerable too. "We are being squeezed from several directions," said a National Theatre spokesman, "and at Stratford with their new theatre they must be tearing their hair out."

The English National Opera is already in financial difficulties, ironically due to their American tour last year, where sponsorship from Texan sources fell through at the last minute. Many smaller enterprises, feeling the pinch from the loss of the Greater London Council in its role as theatrical angel, are also threatened. The measure of that threat is indicated by the fact that even last year, with peak tourist audiences, one in five London theatres went dark.

Londoners inclined to smile at the discomfiture of the travel trade and merely enjoy the phenomenon of easier parking may soon be given pause. In economic terms it is generally true that what is bad for the tourist industry is bad for London. Last year overseas visitors brought \$3.3 billion to the capital, and tourism provides, directly or indirectly, some 400,000 jobs for Londoners. Visitor spending also helps keep prices low on public services. In the West End tourist money paid for 44 per cent of all theatre tickets sold. Without this source of revenue a third of London's theatres would be boarded up.

The largest category of tourist spending, over a third, is channelled through the shops. Last year it had the cash registers ringing up an additional \$1 billion. This year is another story. Richard Birchmell of the Oxford Street Association, who has 14 of his own Burton Group shops in the vicinity, said: "One measure of the loss of business is the number of dollars going through foreign exchange desks, and another is the filling in of VAT rebate forms. And judging from these two indicators, 90 per cent of the Americans who ought to be here aren't here. We think it is as bad as that." Brian Schama of Burberry and The Scotch House, speaking on behalf of the Regent Street Association, said: "The authorities are saying that trade has fallen off 25 per cent to 30 per cent. I would put it larger myself—certainly 40 per cent from my own experience."

At Harrods there has been a sad decline since last year when on one day the store actually took more dollar bills over the counter than pound notes. The standard best sellers to Americans—Waterford crystal, all leading brands of English porcelain (Wedgwood, Royal Doulton, Royal Worcester and Spode), cashmere woollens, Burberry raincoats, Church's shoes and leather goods—are all lines that have been affected this summer. Pure retail sales are a reflection of the dollar's decline—buying 30p less than it did last year—as well as of fewer spenders.

American visitors on average disburse £50 a day, far more than the other main tourist groups.

Len Ticknorish, right, director-general of the British Tourist Authority and, above right, Ramon Fajares, general manager of the Inn on the Park hotel.

You can do everything right in this business, but then things outside your control can blow you off course.

Giles Shepard, Managing Director of Savoy Hotel Group.

The Germans, French and Italians average little over £20. Americans, however, are not the biggest spenders. Visitors from Japan, the Middle East and North Africa, the newer tourist markets, all average around \$60 a day, but their numbers are comparatively small and, in the case of the Arabs, appear also to be tailing off this summer. Libya is again cited as the reason, though the Arabs are less concerned about terrorism and more worried about appearing to support the American line. Traditionally the best clients of its jewellers' shops are American and Arab.

"I don't know whether we're going to see a season," said Frank Linden, vice-president of the London Silver Vaults. "This place was flooded this time last year. With the dollar at 1:10 we were virtually giving the stuff to them. Now, there's not a soul around." Even in places where the dollar, or any form of currency, is not required there

Lou Benjamin, chief executive of Stoll Moss, which owns 11 London theatres.



»→ have been signs of recession. The British Museum has lost some of its charm. Last year attendances were well over 3 million, the highest since the fabulously successful Tutankhamun exhibition of 1972. Figures for the early months of this year show a drop of almost one-fifth.

Robin Lees, chief executive of the British Hotels, Restaurants and Caterers Association, says that his real sufferers have been hotels that depended heavily on block bookings from the United States. The Churchill Hotel in Portman Square, American-owned and American-orientated, is a case in point. It was among the first to lay off domestic staff, and subsequently shut down two floors, or more than 100 rooms. Against that there were hotels in the very top bracket, more geared to business and individual travel, that were thriving. Lees was not sure that Park Lane knew there was a crisis: "The people they get are like those who holidayed in Berlin in 1939. No dictator—be he Hitler or Gadaffi—is going to stop them going where they like."

Yet Park Lane is undoubtedly feeling the pinch. The Dorchester is missing almost 20 per cent of its guests, and a collection of Ming and Ching ceramics, the property of the Koger Trust in Florida, was belatedly withdrawn from a fair held at the hotel last month because of "the increasing threat of terrorist acts". At the Inn on the Park, the Spanish-born general manager, Ramon Pajares, has had his embarrassments. A reception planned there for the European launch of the newspaper *USA Today* was cancelled at the last minute for fear of terrorist attack. Pajares says, however, that bookings are still firm and he was not one of the hoteliers who favoured price cuts, which he considers no better than "a panic measure". The Park Lane Hilton has cut its summer rate by 25 per cent. Giles Shepard, managing director of Savoy Hotel, which owns Claridge's, the Connaught and the Berkeley, thought his group was weathering the storm better than most but was not prepared to indulge in confident prediction: "You can do everything right in this business, but then things outside your control can blow you off course."

THE AMERICANS IN BRITAIN

American tourists spent £1.5 billion in Britain in 1985. The map shows how this was distributed—and London's huge proportion.



RICHARD DRAPER

The authorities are saying that trade has fallen off 25 to 30 per cent. I would put it larger myself—certainly 40 per cent from my experience.

BRIAN SCHAMA,
REGENT STREET ASSOCIATION.

What we hope for, more than anything, is a couple of months of stability."

It is a hope that echoes right across the tourist industry, from the car-hire business, bookings over 20 per cent down, through the tourist bus trade, down almost 50 per cent, to the painted barge business on Regent's Canal where Americans used to flock for romantic evenings on Jason's Trip. Six weeks into this year's season Jason's Trip had managed to tempt a total of two Americans aboard.

The stately-home business, too, is feeling the shock waves, though not all as severely as Lord Bradford's Weston Park in Shropshire. With 20 bedrooms and fine cuisine on offer, he was delighted to have had a record 35 group bookings from US tour operators for this summer. All have now been cancelled, with a loss of revenue of £100,000. Only a private shooting party in November remains, perhaps because they are arriving in their own plane with their own guns. It is poor thanks, he reckons, for lending a fine Van Dyck to the Treasure Houses of Britain

exhibition in Washington last autumn.

Aligned with the hope is the expectation that the Government will do something more effective to restore London's image in American eyes. Some of the earlier attempts at this were thought to be counter-productive in that they made Americans feel more defensive. As Andrew James, the marketing director of Avis, put it: "People don't like to be told they don't travel well, like bad Bulgarian wine."

It could be that stability and better public relations will bring the tourists back, but those Americans who are here, when taxed about their friends they have left behind, reckon that Europe is off the agenda this summer.

Though the fall-off in visitors has a significance beyond London itself—tourism rates as the country's top employer providing more than two million jobs and is the third highest earner of foreign currency, lying behind only North Sea oil and the motor industry—politically there has never been any doubt that central to any British tourist strategy is the relationship between the Americans and the capital city. The fortunes of Park Lane were built on serving the needs of wealthy (and thirsty) Americans fleeing the rigours of Prohibition in the 1920s. While this profitable connexion was disrupted by the Great Crash, the first serious attempt to organize a British tourist industry in the 1930s was mainly directed to attracting Americans—with London as the magnet.

After the Second World War American tourists—and the valuable foreign exchange they represented—assumed a high political priority. One of the Government's first hollering enterprises was a coast-to-coast tour of the United States by three London double-decker buses complete with chirpy Cockney crews.

It was astute sentimentality of this kind that created London's gateway status, and most Americans still start their European travels in London. The problem is that they are not exactly going to Europe this summer in droves. Germany and Italy are both anticipating a 50 per cent drop in American business this year; in Greece the projected fall is 85 per cent. And there is currently no sign of northern Europe picking up business lost in the Mediterranean. Asked to predict the prospects for this year, Alan Dean, an Antwerp-based travel consultant, said: "It's not going to be as bad as 1941."

Len Lickorish, director-general of the British Tourist Authority until his retirement at the end of August, presides more coolly over the domestic crisis. The Americans would not stay away from Europe because "we have the monopoly on culture and roots." It was simply a matter of coaxing them back. Lickorish thought the crisis would be over when correct impressions replaced false ones, and the BTA was working on it. It was important that the industry should not get rattled. Whatever the immediate state of the American business there was no doubt that tourism would be a major growth area into the 1990s and Britain would have to plan carefully to keep its market share.

The area of biggest tourist opportunity is the London docklands, where "the river is the greatest untapped tourist asset in history." It is a noble vision but cold comfort in today's docklands where Trevor Chapman, the governor at The Prospect of Whitby in Wapping, London's oldest riverside pub, is taking a call from one of the booking agents. It concerns 13 American groups that have been logged into the restaurant up to October; they will have to cancel 11 ○

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Museum of the Year 1986 award winners



Beamish: North of England Open Air Museum in County Durham is this year's winner of the £2,000 Museum of the Year Award and *The Illustrated London News* trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore.

Beamish, which has been developing on its 200 acre site since 1971, was founded to preserve the North of England's recent past and to show the daily life of ordinary people. A town street has been re-created with a row of Georgian-style houses, the Sun Inn with stables, a small printing works, a Co-operative store, dentist's surgery and solicitor's office, all fitted out and furnished as in the 1920s and all working.

Visitors can travel in an old electric tramcar, watch old hand-printing presses in action and buy posters printed there in the stationery shop below. Brass bands play in the park at the end of the street;

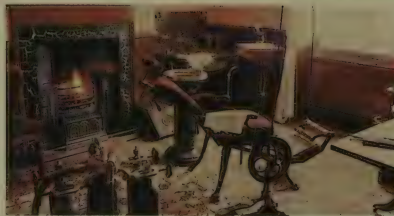
Rowley railway station has North Eastern locomotives under steam.

Beamish also has a working farm, which breeds Durham Shorthorn cattle, pit cottages and a colliery, and Beamish Hall, which houses an exhibition showing how much objects have changed over the years.

The judges felt that the museum had captured the atmosphere and character of the age in a way that British museums have rarely done.

Other winners this year were the Ruskin Gallery (best fine art museum sponsored by Sotheby's), the Wedgwood Museum (best industrial and social history museum sponsored by Unilever), Blake's Lock (special judges' award sponsored by Museum Casts), Kendal Museum of Natural History and Archaeology (special judges' award sponsored by Book Club Associates), and the Victoria & Albert Museum (best publications award sponsored by Watmoughs).

The Co-operative store in the town street includes grocery, drapery and hardware departments and upstairs houses the Museum's tea rooms.



Above, Ravensworth Terrace, a row of Georgian-style terraced houses, built between 1830 and 1840 for professional people and tradesmen.

Above left, the interior of the dentist's surgery contains a cast iron patient's chair and foot-pedal-operated drill, portable spittoon and gas dispenser.

Left, the Principal's office of Messrs J. and R. S. Watson, Solicitors, Commissioner for Oaths, with its fine collection of law books originally from Barnard Castle.



Above, the Sun Inn was brought in and rebuilt from Bishop Auckland and visitors can sample draught ales in the "select" and "bar" and see the heavy Chydesdale delivery horses housed in the stables next door. Left, the grocer's department of the Co-operative store where prices are marked in pounds, shillings and pence.



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Saddened by the disasters heaped on London by his profession, Terry Farrell is rare in being ready to take remedial action. Roger Berthoud meets an architect who believes that buildings should please the public as well as owners and users.

July 86

FARRELL'S RESCUE MISSION

The architect Terry Farrell has struck what promises to be a wonderfully rich seam: correcting the grosser errors of his predecessors. In London alone there is no lack of choice. Three disaster areas in which he is at present involved are the South Bank arts complex, the Barbican and Hammersmith Broadway. Rescuing decent areas from unmerited neglect is also part of his mission, and one in which he has already been active. Charing Cross station and its environs now stand to benefit from the Farrell treatment; and he has produced, in conjunction with Save Britain's Heritage, a counter proposal for the City site owned by Peter Palumbo. Unlike the two alternative schemes recently put forward by James Stirling to replace the original project focused around the rejected Mies van der Rohe tower, Farrell's envisages the retention of virtually all the existing buildings.

Good architecture, it has been said, involves the fusion of art and utility. That definition implicitly leaves out the public, who have found a champion in Farrell. He

believes in the validity of public opinion. Modernism, born of the marriage of engineering and art at the Bauhaus in Weimar Germany, was assertive and alien to British culture, he argues. It alienated the general public by ignoring the continuity of the English tradition epitomized by the Arts and Crafts movement, by Lutyens and the garden cities. Although in its puritanical way it had a contribution to make as a corrective to fussiness, it was liable to be disastrously mishandled in our more diffident culture. The current reaction against it therefore seems to him both healthy and desirable.

Farrell's warm feelings for the needs and foibles of humanity make him a lover of cities in general and London in particular. Cities, he believes, are depositories of history and of collective memory, to be cherished and improved, not demolished and redeveloped. Indeed he questions whether, in terms of quantity rather than quality, London needs new building as such.

"The great pleasure of London is

that it didn't change much," he said at his office in Paddington Street, Marylebone. "Most of the large cities in the provinces have been ruined. I want to be associated with reinforcing London as it is. Cities are my pastime. I travel a lot. Last year it was Berlin, Vienna and Oslo. The year before it was Barcelona. When I come back I always think how wonderful London is. Its lack of homogeneity is one of its attractions—the fact that it *is* a series of villages. I move between Maida Vale [where he lives with his second wife and their three young children] and Marylebone. Both are clearly identifiable and have their own personalities."

Though he now feels he belongs to London, he was brought up first in Manchester, where his father had evolved from telegraph boy to civil servant, then in Newcastle, to which the family moved when he was eight. With Irish blood on both sides, Terry attended a Roman Catholic grammar school, without much success academically. But he was singled out by the art master, a no-nonsense former Army major whom he greatly

admired. "I enjoyed painting and drawing," he recalled, "and for a time I was dead set on becoming a painter." More cautious counsels prevailed, and he studied architecture at the Newcastle branch of Durham University.

The most clear-cut decision he ever took was, he reckons, not to stay on in Newcastle when he graduated. "I saw no future in it. But when I left, it took off!" The city faced its heady if disastrous days of wholesale destruction and redevelopment. Arriving in London with a composite northern accent (aunts still come out as ants), he worked for a year in the architects' office of the old London County Council, sitting next to his future partner Nick Grimshaw (they parted company in 1980).

Like Richard Rogers, he won a Harkness Fellowship, and left London for two years at the University of Philadelphia. While studying in Newcastle he had been fascinated by Buckminster Fuller's exploration of the technological limits of architecture. In Philadelphia he sat at the feet, intellectually speaking, of the great Louis Kahn, whose classical spirit sought to reconcile architecture to the constant elements of human society.

Joining forces with Grimshaw on his return to London in 1964, he worked on a wide range of conversion and rehabilitation schemes in London and on industrial buildings in southern England. A taste for lightweight cladding on steel frame construction led perhaps to his first eye-catching conception when he went solo: a greenhouse and garden centre with an attractive semi-translucent roof of polycarbonate sheets completed in 1980 for Clifton Nurseries in Bayswater. The playfully neo-classical garden shop in Covent Garden followed for the same client. Both were temporary buildings on short-lease sites. Not every ambitious architect would have

Back to the drawing board: Terry Farrell against a blighted Cityscape, with Blackfriars Bridge and some hideous river frontage development. In the left background, the brutalist Barbican, to which his new development, Alban Gate, right, will provide a gateway.



Fantasy veering towards the kitsch: below, stairs and viewing bench at the Thames Water Authority's operations centre, Reading, Berks; top right, canal frontage of TV-am building, Camden Town, with egg-cup motif atop the converted garage; below right, TV-am's jazzy atrium, a suitable showbiz backdrop.

➡ catered for such passing needs.

The best known of his buildings since the break with the more high-tech oriented Grimshaw has been the TV-am building on the Union Canal at Camden Lock. Although this was a conversion job on an old Henlys garage, the commission brought out Farrell's taste for enjoyable pastiche in the interior, while the liner-like street-front exterior in gunmetal grey with orange and red ribs of piping, combined purposefulness with wit.

Given the light touch shown in his work, the man himself comes as a surprise: tall and slightly bear-like and with eyebrows of Denis Healeyish bushiness, he seems at first cautious, even suspicious. But as confidence quickly grows, the warmth and humour shine through.

Nowhere is his blend of fantasy, astuteness and pragmatism more urgently needed than amid the Festi-

val Hall's ugly sisters. The challenge there is to replace mess, discomfort and confusion with clarity, a sense of celebration and improved protection from the elements. The Arts Council, which took over the commission from the GLC, is said to be very happy with his proposed solutions, which focus on the Hayward Gallery/Queen Elizabeth Hall/Purcell Room complex. In visual terms, the most disastrous features are the walkways which wrap around these buildings without offering the visitor any protection. The entrances to which they give access tend to be hard to locate and uninviting.

That will all change if and when Farrell's plans are implemented. Some of the walkways will be removed. A new focal point will be created in the no man's land of tarmac and car park ramps between the Festival Hall and the Hayward complex. A cheerful piazza is envis-

aged, giving access at ground level to the adjacent temples of music and art. His first idea, deemed unduly expensive, was to cover the entire complex with a semi-translucent Teflon roof and to treat the Hayward as a sort of rockery, stacking new foyers, ticket halls and restaurants against its unlovely flanks. The present plans envisage the addition of a new gallery for the Arts Council's own collection of paintings and sculpture, a lecture hall and an outside but covered sculpture garden. It is, he emphasizes, a long-term scheme, to be executed in phases.

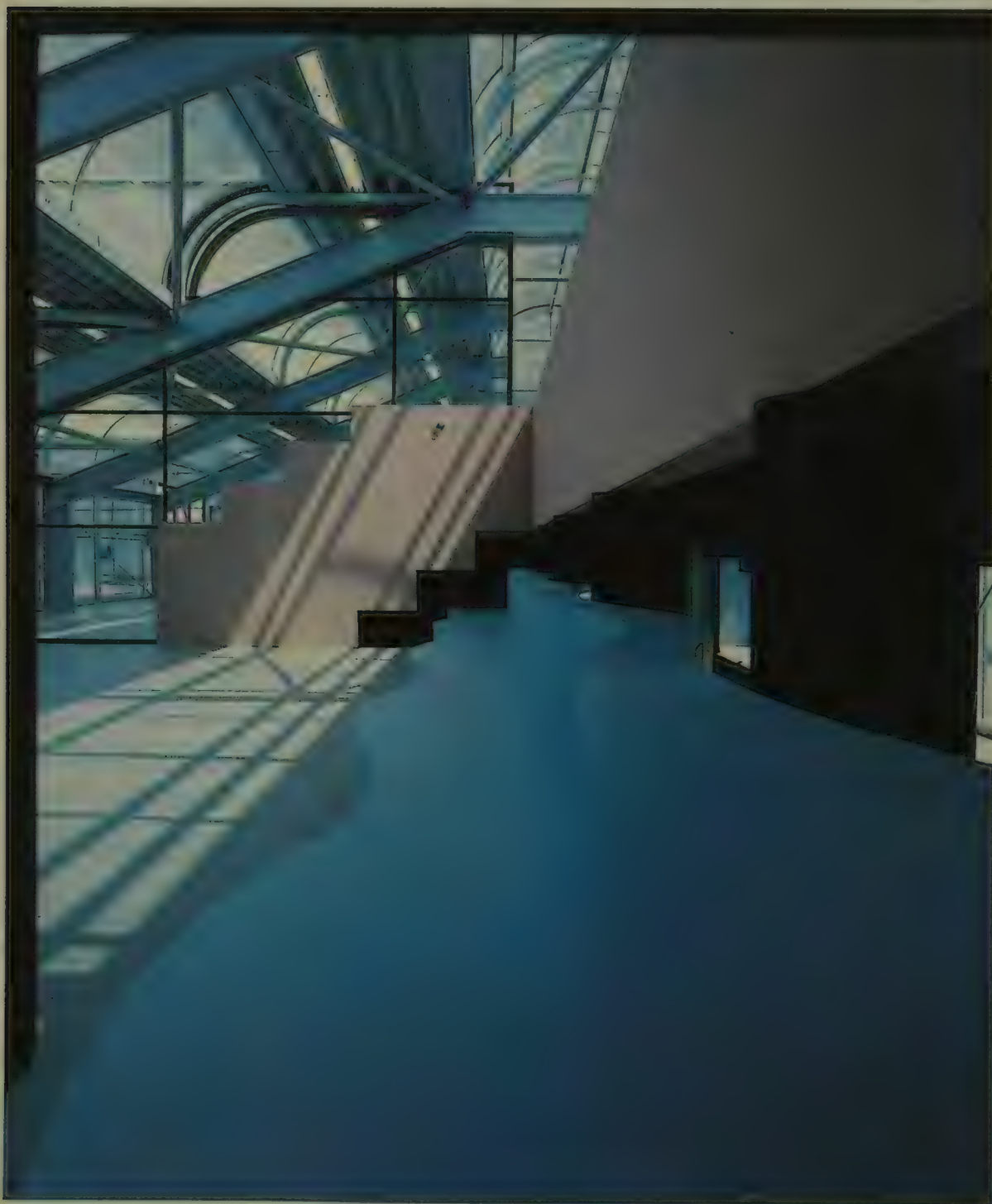
At the Barbican his redemptive mission involves demolishing Lee House, a representatively repellent 1960s office block, one of half a dozen which line London Wall. There in its stead at the junction with Wood Street will rise a twin-tower building, of much the same 17 storey height, called Alban Gate. One block will, if the City Corporation agrees to sell the "air rights", span the four-lane road. The developers are the MEPC property company.

Alban Gate will provide what the Barbican development and arts centre at present lacks: an identifiable entrance which at the same time integrates it into the City. Where the raised walkways meet in the new "air rights" building they will be flanked by arcades with shops and restaurants, and inside there will be an arrival point with shops, cafés, booking offices and information centres. At ground level the Lee House replacement building will incorporate some town houses fronting on to Monkwell Square. Generous office space is naturally a feature of both blocks; but with their transparent atria and many abutments, both will have interesting profiles and rooflines.

At Hammersmith Broadway, a once attractive district multiply-raped by most known forms of vehicle, Farrell has worked with the Hammersmith Community Trust on an alternative to London Transport's comprehensive redevelopment scheme. The Farrell approach retains most existing buildings, adding a new shopping area and clear pedestrian routes at ground level, where people prefer to be.

The Charing Cross scheme involves no similar disaster area. At its heart lies another new "air rights" building, this time providing office space over the mainline station platforms, as already agreed with British Rail. The developer in this instance is the Greycoat property company, and Farrell's scheme to upgrade the tatty surrounding area is intended to enhance values. Among his proposals are:

★to pedestrianize heavily-used Villiers Street, which runs between the Embankment Underground station and Charing Cross station and the Strand. At present it is lined with downmarket cafés, newsagents, ➡





»→ jeans shops, and so on.

★to extend the Hungerford foot-bridge which connects the South Bank to the north side of the Embankment, right up to the Charing Cross station concourse, with an escalator link down to Villiers Street.
★to open up Victoria Embankment Gardens, at present shrouded from Villiers Street by shrubbery, creating a new vista through to the National Liberal Club and re-locating the handstand.

Just north of Charing Cross, at the foot of Monmouth Street in Covent Garden, Farrell has already been at work, transforming a crumbling group of shops known as the Comyn Ching triangle into a cohesive little community full of delightful visual surprises. While restoring the Georgian sections, he has not been afraid to enliven other parts with touches of Art Deco and even of the baroque.

What all these schemes have in common is Farrell's conviction that buildings must help to create an environment which pleases passers-by as well as users and landlords. His belief in conservation and restoration and his delight in the picturesque are perfectly in tune with public opinion. He is of course not alone in this: the architectural profession as a whole has, he believes, begun to see the importance of history and context. Those crazy,



A touch of oriental colour in Farrell's Comyn Ching, Covent Garden scheme, left; below, classicism to the fore in his new Thames-side headquarters for the Henley Royal Regatta.

cynical years of the 50s and 60s, when architecture became the plaything of commercialism and politics, shattered public faith. Politicians and planners deserved their share of the blame, but (as he put it) "the architect was the one left standing with the knife in his hand, and he looked like the sole guilty party."

Despite the public's now open hostility to (usually debased) modernism, there is reason to believe that its faith in architecture is beginning to revive. If all Farrell's current plans are implemented, Londoners will have cause for gratitude and, no doubt, plenty of suggestions of further suitable cases for treatment ○





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RETURN OF THE BOLSHOI

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It is 12 years since the Bolshoi Ballet (the word *bolshoi* means big) were last in London. Now, as part of a tour which has already included Vienna and South America, they will perform four full-length ballets, all choreographed by the company's artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, from July 22 to August 9.

The Bolshoi's roots go back to the days of the Tsars and the great landowners, who formed companies for their own entertainment from among their serfs, many of whom were adept at the vigorous movements of Russian folk dance. By the 19th century, Russian ballet led the world as choreographers Petrot, Petipa and Ivanov created the great classics, *Giselle*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*.

The Bolshoi, as distinct from the St Petersburg, or Leningrad, company which became the Kirov, was founded in 1776. Throughout the 19th century and until the Revolution the St Petersburg ballet was very much the senior company. The city was the centre of the court and of government and attracted the cream of artistic endeavour, including ballet. Moscow was then considered provincial, and the ballet based there, created for a less sophisticated taste, was thought brash and naive compared with the refined and pure classicism found at St Petersburg.

However, after the Revolution the centre of power shifted to Moscow. Gradually the reputation of the Bolshoi drew level with that of the Kirov, as dancers such as the great Ulanova transferred there, and the Bolshoi began to produce luminaries of its own like Plisetskaya. Yuri Grigorovich himself began as a dancer with the Kirov and made his first choreographic works for that company. He moved to the Bolshoi in 1961.

Now the two companies are rated as equal, but different in style. The Kirov, which was once the Imperial

Ballet, remains the more purely classical and aristocratic; the Bolshoi is more flamboyant and extroverted, not disdaining to be theatrical and extravagant when occasion demands. London may get a chance to compare the two styles if negotiations for a Kirov season here in 1988 are successful. In Russia today the Bolshoi is enormously popular and tickets, which are relatively expensive and scarce—the bulk are set aside for party officials and dignitaries—are highly prized.

In 1917 ballet in Russia was under threat from the Bolsheviks because of its aristocratic origins and because the repertoire was considered elitist. Luckily the first Commissioner of Education, Anatoly Lunacharsky, realized that ballet had been, and could again be, a jewel in Russia's artistic crown, and might be useful as a vehicle for propaganda. So, though the classics were retained, the Bolshoi produced in the 1920s and 30s "heroic" ballets with a social message and some ideological content. This is still true today, though in a more restrained form. Western audiences may however choose to see in, say, *The Golden Age* or *Spartacus*, the eternal conflict between good and evil rather than between the forces of revolution and those of reaction and repression.

Of the ballets to be shown this season, only *Spartacus*, about the uprising of slaves against the Roman general Crassus, has been seen in London before. Since it was created in 1968 it has delighted and thrilled audiences with its opportunities for virtuoso performances from a company renowned for its bravura.

London will also see the full-length *Raymonda*, with the Glazunov score and Petipa's choreography revised in 1984 by Grigorovich; the spectacular *Ivan the Terrible*, with a Prokofiev score deriving in part from the music composed for the Eisenstein film *Ivan Grozny*; and *The Golden Age*, created in 1982, which depicts the struggle between a



The Bolshoi in *Ivan the Terrible*, the story of Tsar Ivan IV. Andris Liepa, previous page, son of a leading Bolshoi dancer of 1960; right, the exquisite Natalya Bessmertnova and the exciting Irek Mukhamedov; top, the Bell-Ringers, the embodiment of the Russian people.



group of revolutionary young fishermen and the forces of decadence and corruption symbolized by the night club of the title. The score by Shostakovich was composed for a ballet by Väinölä in 1930, which suffered official disapproval and is now lost. It was called *The Age of Gold*, but had quite a different story line. Grigorovich rescued the score and had it reorchestrated by Benjamin Blassner, a pupil of Shostakovich.

As is usual with the Russians, we are not told who will be dancing which roles, but among them will almost certainly be Natalya Bessmertnova, Irek Mukhamedov, Ludmila Semenyaka, Gediminas Taranda and Andris Liepa. Some of the new generation are the offspring of old favourites. Andris Liepa, for instance,

is the son of Maris Liepa, a leading dancer at the Bolshoi from 1960; and Alexei Fadeychev, partner of Plisetskaya and *premier danseur noble* at the Bolshoi until 1974.

One young star, Irek Mukhamedov, who often partners Natalya Bessmertnova, joined the Bolshoi in 1981 after winning the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the IVth International Ballet Competition in Moscow and has a reputation as a thrilling dancer of startling elevation and reckless power. Natalya Bessmertnova is probably the best known of those seen here previously. She is the wife of Grigorovich, the artistic director, who described her as "my favourite dancer, who is also one of the finest." With her exquisite line and ethereal elegance, Bessmertnova is now at

the peak of her powers.

Time throws a flattering light on dancers we have admired in the past, so we say, "Oh, but you should have seen Ulanova"—or Plisetskaya, or Fonteyn or Nureyev in his prime. "There never was another such dancer." And of course there never was, for each artist brings special qualities and talents to delight us. Yet memories of the Bolshoi's first London season in 1956 rank as a never-to-be-forgotten peak in a ballet-goer's life. Later visits by the company may have descended the slopes a little, especially the last tour in 1971. Partly because our standards and expectations had risen, and partly because we were presented with many dancers who were past their prime, as a result of the intensely hierarchical system usually

found in the Soviet ballet, some disappointment was felt.

Critics who saw the company in Vienna this Easter were impressed by the glamour of soloists, especially Gediminas Taranda, who Mary Clarke, editor of *Dancing Times*, called "the Errol Flynn of ballet", and of Andris Liepa, "the most elegant and simply beautiful of the young men, with a radiant personality and an unforced technique of perfect finish".

Clearly expectations of the coming season are high. Already by mid May, 85 per cent of available tickets at Covent Garden had been sold despite high prices (£45 for the Grand Tier, £60 for the better seats in the stalls and stalls circle). Many ballet lovers both hope and believe that "the big" is still beautiful. □

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One of the enduring traditions of British golf is that our Open Championship must be played on a course by the sea. There is, I think, no statute at Westminster on the subject; but the Royal and Ancient, who govern the event as well as the game, decree that it should be so.

It means that the choice of classic linksland courses is relatively restricted by comparison, say, with America's policy for their Open. In the 90 years or so of its existence, America's Open has been played over more than 50 courses. Since our own Open Championship was instituted at Prestwick in 1860, it has been played on only 14, of which five are no longer on the Open rota.

In days past I made it the condition of a speaking engagement in Scotland that a round of golf went into the contract. So I have seen all the courses, and judges whom I respect, such as Herbert Warren Wind of America, declare that Turnberry is the best of the bunch—and there are 98—in what might be loosely called Glasgow's domain.

It will seem strange therefore that Turnberry, where they gather this month for the 115th Open, has been granted the honour only once before, in 1977. It was in that year, in its closing stages, the scene of an heroic battle which is discussed to this day and to which we will return. But why only twice in 115 Opens? The answer lies partly in the history of our troubled times.

Turnberry, exceptionally for an Open course, is mainly a creation of this century. The Marquess of Ailsa owned a private golf course there. When in 1906 he sold the land to the Glasgow and South Western Railway, Willie Fernie, the Old Troon professional, laid out two substantial courses. One became the gentle Arran, the other the majestic Ailsa on which championship golf is played.

In the First World War both courses served as a training station for the Royal Flying Corps. They recovered slowly. In the Second World War land was requisitioned and converted into a base for RAF Coastal Command. The courses were submerged beneath hangars and thick concrete runways. Few believed that they would ever be restored to life.

The recovery of both Arran and Ailsa owed a lot to the genius of the golf architect Mackenzie Ross. He did not rebuild the courses, he transformed them. He seized opportunities offered by the strong, almost violent features of the land, and he exploited the stretches of coast which run along the Firth of Clyde.

From Ailsa's fourth hole through to its 10th, seven holes fringe the Firth. That is why Turnberry is sometimes but misleadingly called Scotland's Pebble Beach. Both have in common weather that can suddenly go into a frenzy, but the landscapes

THE OPEN: TURNBERRY'S CHALLENGE

For only the second time, Turnberry on Scotland's west coast plays host to the British Open Golf Championship, starting on July 17. William Deedes describes the hazards and glories of the course, and the defending champion Sandy Lyle, gives his assessment of it.

of the Firth and the high-cliffed Carmel Bay, 120 miles south of San Francisco, are not comparable.

Yet Turnberry yields nothing to those great courses on the Monterey Peninsula in grandeur. Standing on this majestic curve of rock-bound coast, it is more exposed than its neighbours to sudden whims of weather and wind. The changes between sunshine and storm, wind and mists, come suddenly, transfiguring the landscape. At one moment the mountains may be dark with foreboding; at another they will lie tranquil and cast by a clear evening sky into rare beauty.

More prosaically, such surroundings can spring fierce surprises on first-class golfers. That is also part of the Open tradition and explains Turnberry's special place. Its moods are not like those of any other course. Nor are its surroundings.

The most familiar feature is the Turnberry Hotel, a long, low stucco building with a white front and pink-tiled roof which in some lights brings to mind a French Impressionist painting. Having spent 70 years of its life as a British Transport hotel, it has lately entered fresh hands, which have spared no expense in refurbishment.

Turnberry Hotel straddles a high ridge overlooking both courses. On second thoughts, if I declare it to be Turnberry's most familiar feature, I shall be reminded that the lighthouse which stands by the ninth hole is the symbol of Turnberry, and so it is.

As to the course itself, it has been stretched to 6,950 yards, both halves being of equal length, and par of 70 over that distance is a hard target. It is never wise to tinker too much with a course like this, even for an Open. Last year Royal St George's laid a new back tee at the already formidable fourth. Ballesteros—of all people—was heard complaining that if the prevailing wind blew hard enough, the carry over the mountainous bunker which faces the drive became an unfair test.

At Turnberry new back tees have been added at the fifth and the 12th, both now 441 yards, which adds 2-3 clubs to the second shot. Describing holes and the challenges they offer always strikes me as an unrewarding exercise. So much depends, and will at Turnberry, on two elements—wind and rough. Nor do I find the Scottish custom of giving each hole a twee name very illuminating; but the short fourth on Ailsa is an exception. It is well named Woe-be-Tide. The tee is hard by the waves. The line is over a sandy bay. When the tide is high and the wind comes off the sea, it lives up to its name.

The ninth, a 455 yard par 4, is spectacular, daunting and reckoned to be as dangerous as any hole on the course. The carry is not severe, but the pulpit tee, the rocks and abyss below, and a hog's back fairway will deeply influence the anxious mind.

At the 12th, where the course swings inland, there are still traces of the wartime airfields, and above the 12th green is a monument to the dead of the First World War.

The Open of 1977 well illustrates the decisive influence of weather and wind. The R&A do not lightly offer up their chosen courses for slaughter by the world's best golfers. They prepare stout defences. They do not, like the Americans, convert the surface of the greens into skating rinks; nor do they excavate great lakes by the holeside. Their secret weapon is rough.

In 1977 we enjoyed a long dry summer, one of a series in that decade. There had been five rainless weeks before the Open. Turnberry's rough had withered. It could only whisper. To add injury to insult, the wind lay down. On the first day temperatures rose to the 80s. The air was breathless. Conditions are unlikely to be similar at Turnberry this July, and Ailsa will become a totally different course.

Dwelling upon a single Open of nine years ago may leave a false impression that Turnberry is a golfing backwater. It is rich in the history of

other events. We lost the Walker Cup there in 1963. The women golfers discovered its virtues before the First World War. There in 1921 Miss Cecil Leitch defeated Miss Joyce Wethered (now Lady Heathcoat Amory) by 4 and 3 in the final of the Ladies' British Open.

Michael Bonnallack, now secretary of the R&A, strode to victory at Turnberry in the Amateur Championship of 1961, being called upon to play the last two holes only once—and that in the final.

This takes us back to the astonishing events at Turnberry of 1977. The bare facts are that, after playing three rounds in identical scores—68, 70, 65—Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson came to the final round, and, playing together, presented what many will still declare to have been the finest exhibition of golf in their experience.

Watson won on the final green with another 65 to Nicklaus's 66. As it happened that year, the Americans took 10 of the first 11 places. Hubert Green, Trevino, Crenshaw, Palmer, Floyd and Johnny Miller all had their moments. Yet the man in third place, Hubert Green, finished 10 shots behind Nicklaus on 269 and 11 behind Watson on 268. This conveys the sort of golf they played. The former record score for a British Open stood at 276.

I cannot enter into details here of that closing duel—and that is the right word; for throughout the final holes the two men were valiantly attacking and counter-attacking shot by shot. Their putting was unnatural. But it helps to understand Turnberry if we look at the last two holes they played.

They came to the long 17th (500 yards) and one of the only two par 5s on level terms. Watson's drive was shorter than Nicklaus's, but he played a matchless 3-iron shot which finished 25 yards from the pin. Nicklaus played a 4-iron second from light rough into more rough near the green. He chipped to 3½ feet and unaccountably missed the putt—5. Watson holed in two putts for a 4.

Now one stroke adrift Nicklaus belted his drive at the 431 yard 18th away to the right and into deep rough. Watson played a 1-iron off the tee and hit a 7-iron to within 2 feet of the hole.

Finis? Not with a man of Nicklaus's calibre. He smashed his second through a gorse bush from an unplayable lie and somehow got the ball to 35 feet from the pin. He studied the long putt—and rammed it in. Watson's putt was an easy one—but he needed to hole it.

We cannot expect to see the like of that again at Turnberry this year; but it is consoling to think that nine years later both men are still around the summit of the game.

Nor do I think we shall see 10 Americans in the first 11 places. It is always rash to underrate that amazing country's bounty of golfing talent.



But Europe's golf, fortified by Lyle of Britain, Ballesteros of Spain, Langer of Germany and now Sellberg of Sweden—and others—has made a long march since 1977. So has the Asians'.

What I find difficult to determine is whether America's enthusiasm for our Open, once seen as the one to win, is as strong and determined as it once was. America's entries for this year are reassuring. The prize money totalling £600,000 and affording a first prize of £70,000, is attractive even by American standards.

When I was in Australia earlier this year some figures came out there suggesting that in the eyes of 65 leading circuit professionals the US Masters is now seen as the world's premier tournament, leaving the US Open and the US PGA Championship second and third, our own Open at fifth.

We need not make too much of that, but two factors weigh. Playing the Open is an expensive pleasure. At a recent Open dinner I sat beside one of the most consistently successful international players. He had brought his wife over. They had flown in Concorde—which was not strictly necessary. He lamented that the cost of his modest lodgings was several times higher than the market price. He put his outlay for the week at about £5,000, observing that unless he finished well he would be out of pocket. (I observed that he collected £24,000 at last year's Open.) The Open prizes now run as high as £10,000 for the 16th place and £4,000 for the 30th place. He can safely bring his wife again.

The second factor is whether classic linksland golf appeals as strongly to the new generation of American golfers as it did to the likes of Palmer, Nicklaus and Trevino. The whole world offers more glittering prizes to top golfers now. The American circuit is richer than ever. There is a lot of money to be had without having to suffer a battering from the wind and unaccountable lies at a place like Turnberry. Last year America took two of the top seven places and seven of the top 19 places at Sandwich. Their long ascendancy is no longer assured.

Yet down the years the Americans have surprised us all too often. Theirs is a land of inexhaustible resources. The wind may rage at Turnberry, the rough cling, and everything may seem in Britain's favour—and the USA will still grab the top four places. That is what makes the Open so romantic ○

The 1986 Open Golf Championship takes place at Turnberry between July 17 and 20.

Scotland's Sandy Lyle was winner of last year's Open Championship at Royal St George's, Sandwich, and the first British champion since Tony Jacklin in 1969. He is a contender for this year's title, as are the players pictured overleaf.



Greg Norman of Australia, based in Florida. Top of US money winners list; second to Nicklaus in US Masters in April; winner of the Panasonic in Las Vegas in May and of the Kemper Open in Maryland in June.

Tom Watson of the USA, winner of the 1977 British Open at Turnberry.

Paul Way of Great Britain, winner of the Whyte & Mackay PGA in 1985 and Ryder Cup team player that year.

Lee Trevino of the USA, came equal fourth in the US Open last month and fourth in the 1977 British Open at Turnberry.



Seve Ballesteros, ranked world number one and leader of the European Order of Merit earnings table. Won the Dunhill British Masters at Woburn in June.



AILSA HOLE BY HOLE

1 Ailsa Craig	362 yards	10 Dinna Fouter	452 yards
2 Mak-Sicar	428 ..	11 Maidens	177 ..
3 Blaw-Wearie	462 ..	12 Monument	391 ..
4 Woe-be-Tide	167 ..	13 Tickly Tap	411 ..
5 Fin-me-out	477 ..	14 Risk-an-Hope	440 ..
6 Tappie Tourie	222 ..	15 Ca' Canny	209 ..
7 Roon-the-Ben	528 ..	16 Wee Hurn	409 ..
8 Goat Fell	427 ..	17 Lang Whang	500 ..
9 Bruce's Castle	455 ..	18 Ailsa Hame	431 ..

SANDY LYLE'S COURSE ASSESSMENT

"Of all the great Scottish links, the Ailsa course at the Turnberry Hotel, set along a rock-bound coast, is the most dramatic, the most spectacular and the most compellingly beautiful. For the professionals, from the championship tees, the Ailsa course is difficult. For amateurs, from the medal tees, the Ailsa course is still difficult! Yet it is not harshly or brutally difficult, and I believe it is essentially fair. The fairways are reasonably generous and provide few awkward stances, and on the whole I make it one of our finest links courses."



Ailsa's awesome ninth hole from the championship tee, perched on the edge of a 50 foot cliff.



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ANOTHER DERBY FOR THE AGA KHAN

The 1986 Epsom Derby was won by the well-fancied *Shahrastani* (Walter Swinburn, green cap) by half a length from the fast-finishing favourite *Dancing Brave* (Greville Starkey, pink cap), with *Mashkour* (Steve Cauthen, yellow cap) in third place. At Tattenham Corner *Shahrastani* was ideally placed behind the leaders while *Dancing Brave* was being held in reserve towards the rear of the field. Two furlongs from home Swinburn made his move, leaving Starkey and the 2,000 Guineas' winner with too much to do. The winning owner, the Aga Khan, trainer Michael Stoute and jockey were also successful in 1981 with *Shergar*. The royal family arrived in force to watch the race. Other spectators adopted very different styles of headwear for the occasion.





A TOAST TO THE POTATO

BY THEODORA FITZGIBBON

This month we celebrate the introduction of the potato to England 400 years ago: whether we should thank Drake or Raleigh is uncertain. The spud has since become an indispensable and popular part of our diet. Each of us eats, on average, 200 lb a year.

The potato has a long and sometimes puzzling history which is riddled with misconceptions and contradictions. It seems likely that it was the Spaniards who first met with it in the neighbourhood of Quito, Ecuador, and also on the slopes of the Andes, where the native Indians not only cultivated it extensively but revered and valued it as food. In the *Cronica de Peru* of Pedro Creça (Seville, 1553), the potato is mentioned under the name "battata" or "papa". This occurs in other Spanish books of the time as well. It is thought that a monk named Hieronymus Cardan is the first to have introduced the potato from Peru into Spain, whence it subsequently passed to Italy and then to Germany and France.

Carl Sprengel states that the potato was introduced from Santa Fé, Venezuela, into England by John Hawkins, but according to Sir Joseph Banks the original plant brought by Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake in 1567 was the sweet potato. This is borne out by Drake's quote:

"These potatoes be the most delicate rootes that may be eaten, and doe farre exceed our passeneps or carets. Their pines be of the bignes of two fists, the outside whereof is of the making of a pineapple, but it is soft like the rinde of a cucumber, and the inside eateth like an apple but it is more delicious than any sweet apple sugred."

Although both Drake and Raleigh can both claim to have introduced the ordinary potato into England, what is more certain is that Raleigh was the first to bring the potato to Ireland on his return from Virginia and he then cultivated the tubers on his estate, Myrtle Grove, near Cork.

One of the first printed descriptions of the plant to be found is in Gerard's *Herball* (1597) *Battata virginiana sive Virginianorum et Pappus*, are referred to as "common potatoes". Undoubtedly from his description and accompanying woodcut these were *Ipomoea Batatas* or sweet potatoes.

Many decades later these sweet potato tubers became fairly common in the country in Ireland where they went under the name of Peruvian (subsequently dropped) Skerrett, or Skerrett. This is a misnomer for there is in fact a plant native to China which has a similar sweet and floury root known as Skirret (*Stium sisarum*).

In the early 17th century the potato found little favour as food either in England or Ireland. The cultivation made slow progress although its use was strongly advocated by the Royal Society, particularly "for use in case of famine". An ironical remark in view of the Irish famines in the following centuries. The main use for the plant during this century in the British Isles seems

to have been as an ornamental plant in conservatories or as a boutonnière in France. Some people said it caused a variety of diseases and many believed it to be poisonous as it belonged to the same family (*Solanum*) as the deadly nightshade. But in Spain and Italy the sweet and ordinary potato were both used as a vegetable and for sweet dishes.

In the early 18th century the potato was used as a more or less "exotic" vegetable in Ireland. I have a manuscript book *Receipts for Miss Cicely D'Arcy. Wrote by S.P. 1746* which contains the following recipe for "Potatoe pudding": "Boyle and peel your potatoes, pound, and break them throu a sieve, then weigh a pound of them, and put it to a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, a little brandy, and the yolks of 16 eggs, beat them half an hour, your dish being ready, paste on the brim and bake an hour."

Clearly this is not a recipe for the poor, and uses "ordinary" potatoes. K. H. Connell, (1750-1845) in his *The Population of Ireland* argues that the adoption of a potato diet for the Irish people was a progressive phenomenon and spread out over a period of more than a century, that is, the 18th century, which is why the famine of 1740-41 took such a toll. This is, however, strongly challenged by both Dr M. Drake (1750-1845) and Arthur Young in his *A Tour of Ireland*, 1780. Drake maintains that the famine of the 1740s was due to a failure of the grain harvest while Arthur Young states that the late spread of the potato was probably due to pig-keeping, which was carried on mainly by the cottiers, for their pigs were fed almost exclusively on potatoes. Up to 1730 pig production was very small, but by the late 1780s and 90s it had quadrupled owing to more intensive potato cultivation.

The very poor certainly did rely on the gleanings from the potato fields which is the reason they suffered so terribly after the famines caused by the potato blight. However, I am not convinced that the potato was a general item of diet among the Irish until the very late 18th and early 19th centuries. The following extracts reinforce my idea. From an account written in 1834 and concerning Dungiven, County Londonderry: "... the potato crops were very limited in the parish up to the above period..."

"It was rare to see potatoes used in either farmer's or cottiers' family from March 17 to the end of autumn. The entire crop of oats, barley and potatoes were consumed within the farmer's house and his cottiers' save the seed, and what fed horses, cows, pigs and poultry... The farmer and cottiers lived most comfortable within themselves... Seldom was potatoes used at the farmer's or cottiers' table unless during the winter or close season of the year and this at

dinner only." Royal Irish Academy, OS Memoirs, Box 39, Londonderry, Dungiven parish, 29 November, 1834.

William Kirby Sullivan, President of University College, Cork, giving evidence before a parliamentary committee in 1885, recollected that potatoes had come to be the chief food of the people only from about 1830. He had this to say: "... there was a very large amount of oatmeal eaten as well as potatoes. As proof of that I have only to mention that there was a large special market in the City of Cork for oatmeal, a very considerable market." Report from the Select Committee on Industries (Ireland) page 14, 1844-45. As the land rented to cottiers became smaller it was easier to feed a family on a small acreage of potatoes than the same amount set with corn.

The potato had its champions in Europe. Frederick the Great encouraged cultivation, which is no doubt why even today Germany has such a high consumption of potatoes. In France, Antoine-Augustin Parmentier (1737-1813), the French agriculturist, took a special interest in growing potatoes in about 1787 and wished to rid it of its reputation as a disease carrier, or being simply an ornamental plant. He wrote "Inquiry into Nourishing vegetables that in Times of Necessity Could be Substituted for Ordinary Food" and he aroused Louis XVI's interest, which in turn stimulated popular, general interest. It was a beginning which was to escalate, and in French classical cuisine for a dish to be called *parmentier* means that it has potato in it, or with it. The potato also became popular in Central Europe and Russia during the early 19th century. Russia was a country where potatoes grew well and could be stored through the long, hard winters. They have adapted easily to Central European and Russian cuisines, and it is thought that about a quarter of the world's potatoes are consumed there.

Potatoes are highly nutritious, containing fibre, minerals, protein, vitamins B and C, no fat, and have only about 90 calories per 100g. If cooked without fat they can form a valuable item for dieters, yet often they are the first food to be omitted.

Different types of potatoes should be used for various dishes. Waxy potatoes like the Dutch *Kipfler* are excellent for frying, whereas the floury King Edward or Majestic are best for boiling. New potatoes should be put into a panful of fast-boiling water, whereas old potatoes are started in cold water. It is interesting to note that "chips", that most English method of cooking potatoes, first appeared in Dundee about 1870, sold by a Belgian, Edward de Gurnier and his wife, who had a stall selling them with hot, boiled peas, as they had been used to doing in Belgium.

DIFFERENT WAYS TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY

■ Ireland

There are several kinds of potato cakes. This one is made with floury potatoes and is like a scone, eaten hot from the oven. Sometimes they are sprinkled with caraway seeds before baking. This potato dough can also be used as a pastry for a savoury flan or pie. Makes about nine cakes.

Mix two rounded tablespoons of softened butter or margarine into 225g (8 oz) of self-raising flour with a pinch of salt. Combine with 175g (6 oz) of freshly cooked mashed potato, then add about three to four tablespoons of milk to make a soft, slack dough. Roll out on a floured surface, then cut into rounds about 8 cm (3 in) in diameter. Put on to a lightly greased baking tray and bake at 200°C, 400°F, Gas 6 for about 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, split open and spread with butter.

Potato is also sometimes used in cakes, as it holds moisture.

Chocolate sponge

Cream together 100g (4 oz) of butter and 175g (6 oz) of castor sugar, adding 75g (3 oz) of mashed potato. Then add either 50g (2 oz) of melted plain chocolate or four level tablespoons cocoa and mix very well. Add two beaten eggs alternately with 175g (6 oz) of self-raising flour. Finally pour in gradually four tablespoons milk, mixing well to make a soft dough. Divide between two greased 20cm (8 in) sandwich tins and cook at 200°C, 400°F, Gas 6 for 25 to 30 minutes or until soft and springy to the touch. Cool, then turn out on to a wire rack and sandwich together with whipped cream.

■ Spain

Potatoes are perhaps used even more in Spain than in Ireland, for both savoury and sweet dishes. Both sweet potatoes (*boniatos*) and plain potatoes are used.

Patatas en ajo de pollo: a delicious garlicky and saffron dish from Malaga.

Heat about four tablespoons of olive oil, then sauté three sliced garlic cloves, two sprigs of parsley, and two tablespoons of almonds until golden. Then add about two tablespoons of crustless bread cubes and fry lightly. Drain, transfer to a mortar and pound with one level teaspoon of saffron pistils and a little of the oil. Have ready 900g (2 lb) of peeled and sliced potatoes layered in an ovenproof dish. Moisten the mortar mixture with a little cold water, then add two to three tablespoons of oil to the potatoes, the residue of oil used for cooking, and the mortar mixture. Cover with boil-

ing water, add salt, pepper to taste and one whole clove. Cover and either cook on top of the stove for about an hour, or in a moderate (180°C, 350°F, Gas 4) oven until tender.

Roscon de boniatos: a sweet potato pudding.

Bake four large sweet potatoes in the oven and when cooked, peel and sieve. Mix with the yolks of three eggs and two tablespoons of ground almonds. Transfer to a buttered ring mould and level off. Paint over the top with a little honey or sweet syrup. Whisk the whites stiffly, sweeten with one tablespoon of sugar and paint over the top. Sprinkle with cinnamon, then put into a 180°C, 350°F, Gas 4 oven for 15 to 20 minutes until the top is slightly browned. Serve hot or cold, but cold is best I think.

■ Italy

One of Italy's most popular dishes, *gnocchi* is made with potatoes, but there is also a very good *Torta di Patate* which is made as follows.

Cook 900g (2 lb) of floury potatoes and drain them. Beat well with a little milk until quite smooth. Lightly fry 50g (2 oz) of cubed raw ham or lean bacon and add to the potatoes, add a crushed clove of garlic and the yolk of one egg. Taste and season (not too much salt). Then fold in 75g (3 oz) of cubed mozzarella cheese, mixing well. Finally fold in two stiffly beaten egg whites. Grease a cake tin and coat with breadcrumbs fried in butter, put the mixture into it, level off the top and cover with more fried breadcrumbs, using about 100g (4 oz) in all. Bake at 210°C, 425°F, Gas 7 for about 20 minutes. Turn out on to a hot flat dish and cut into wedges like a cake.

■ Russia

Russia has many good recipes for potatoes, frequently using sour cream and salted herrings or anchovies. A simple one is mashed potatoes, about 900g (2 lb) mixed with one small soaked salted herring, which has been pounded up, a small grated onion, a few chopped mushrooms (first simmered in vegetable stock), one beaten egg, three tablespoons of sour cream and a tablespoon of melted butter. This is put into a dish and covered with more sour cream, then baked in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

Baked potatoes with caviar is my favourite with large jacket baked potatoes. I love them served with a good dollop of caviar (or lumpfish roe) and a spoonful of sour cream.

A better way to cross

James Bishop reports on Cunard's modern combination for crossing the Atlantic: supersonic Concorde one way and QE2 the other.

The Atlantic is not a comfortable ocean, but it can be crossed in style. Ever since Samuel Cunard pioneered his regular steam-ship service from Liverpool to Boston with the wooden paddle-steamer *Britannia* in 1840 the company that bears his name (originally the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-Parcel Company) has been leading the way. The *Lusitania*, *Mauretania*, *Aquitania* and *Berengaria*, followed by the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, set standards of luxury, comfort and speed of crossing that other companies were forced to follow, and even today, when the paramount demand for speed has persuaded the majority to fly the Atlantic both ways, Cunard has devised a style of crossing, by combining the supersonic Concorde with the latest (and perhaps the last) of its transatlantic liners, the QE2, which is surely irresistible.

The Concorde crossing meets the demands of those who have to do urgent business on one side of the Atlantic, and also of those who wish to experience the excitement of the fastest transatlantic crossing yet engineered by man. The voyage on the QE2 provides time for thought, for preparation and for rest. To add to this stylish package Cunard can provide nights at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York or the Ritz in London for those making the round trip the other way.

It is all far removed from the crossing so vividly described by Charles Dickens, who sailed in the *Britannia* in 1842. The voyage took 18 days and Dickens, as he subsequently recorded in the opening chapters of *American Notes*, found it gruelling. The "state-room" he was assigned was an "utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless, and profoundly preposterous box", the saloon "not unlike a gigantic hearth", and the food seemed to consist mainly of baked or boiled potatoes and plates of pig's face—not that many of the passengers were very interested. Dickens himself spent the early days of the passage reading in bed, reeling on deck, drinking cold brandy-and-water with unspeakable disgust and eating hard biscuits perseveringly: "not ill," as he summed it up, "but going to be."

The stewards of the QE2, unlike those of the *Britannia*, are equipped with pills (compliments of Cunard) that will combat passengers' seasickness, and the ship's

doctor can provide (for a small fee) injections which the volunteer on our table agreed were, as was claimed, "effective". But the QE2 has two sets of stabilizers as well as air-conditioning and powerful engines with which to steer clear of trouble, and not even the roughest of North Atlantic weather should cause such agonies as Dickens had to endure. Few of my own fellow passengers in the QE2 found it impossible to get to their meals, though there was what the officer-of-the-watch described as a heavy swell in mid Atlantic which caused plates and cutlery to hit the deck more than once.

No doubt the quality of the food, and the wines, played their part in keeping us happy. It is remarkable how appetites quicken at sea, and the QE2 certainly caters for these both in quality and quantity. With perhaps 5,600 passengers and crew to feed on a round-trip transatlantic voyage, the simple list of provisions is pretty stomach-boggling, including as it does some 25,000lb of beef, 22,000lb of fresh fruit, 300cwt of potatoes, 3,500lb of butter, 3,000 quarts of cream, 2,500lb of bacon, 2,000lb of sausages, 1,500lb of lobster, 600 jars of baby food, 150lb of caviar, and 100lb of foie gras.

The wine cellar comprises about 25,000 bottles—or so I was told. I didn't count them in, or out. But I did confirm that it contains some fine vintage champagnes and clarets, including, if you are more indulgent than I and able to pay substantially more than £200 a bottle, a Château Margaux 59 and a Château Cheval-Blanc 53.

From all this the liner's chefs create some gastronomic experiences that it would be a pity to throw up, and which could easily become a major preoccupation during the voyage, were there not so many other things to do. Fortunately most of these are active, and will help burn up the calories. Twenty times round the boat deck adds up to a 4 mile walk, or jog. If that is not strenuous enough there is a fully-equipped gymnasium and a separate health spa with a variety of fitness programmes, dance exercises, yoga, hydro-calisthenics, and three jacuzzis (hot, hotter and hellish). There are also four swimming pools, a paddle tennis court, a golf driving net, shuffleboard and a daily routine of exercises for those who prefer to remain seated.

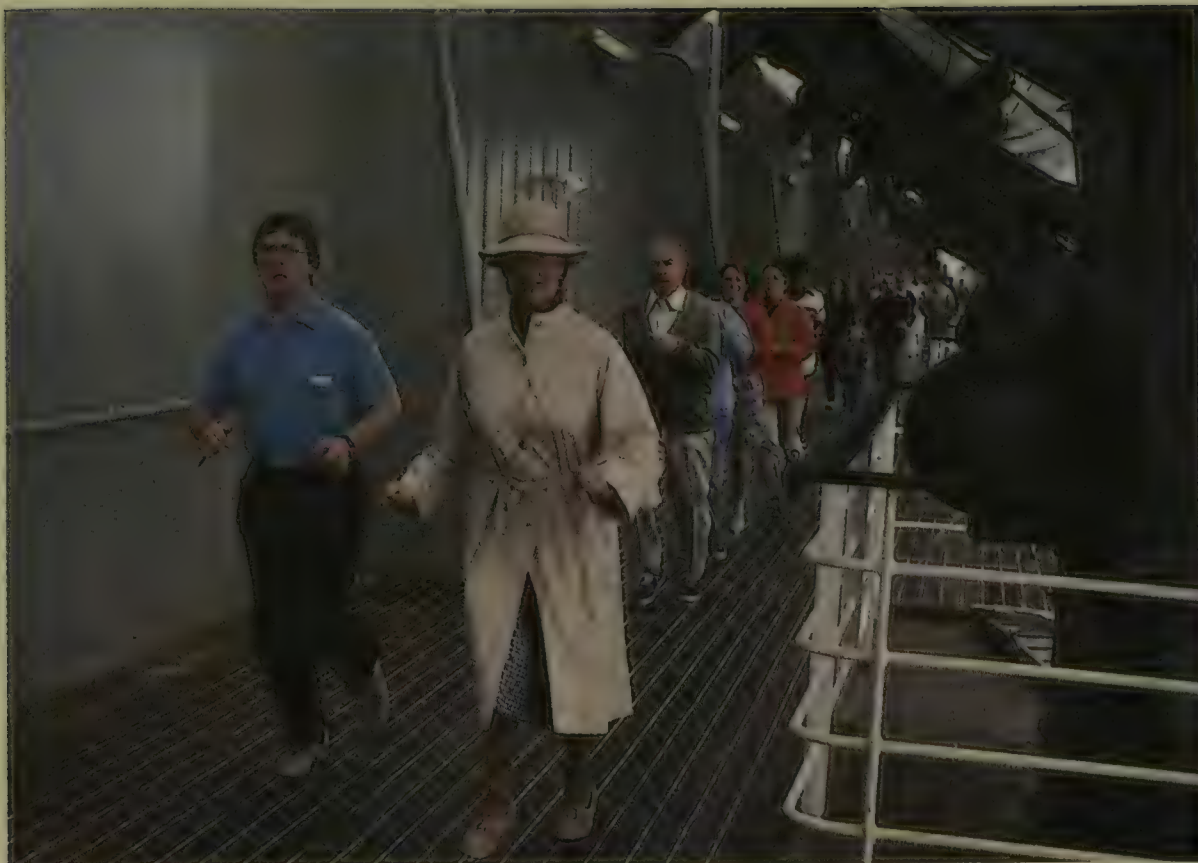
Between the eating and the exer-



cise have to be fitted the other activities, and they are almost unceasing—from "early bird coffee" for those who get up around dawn to late-night disco and casino for those who cannot go to bed. There is a computer learning centre on board where you can play on the latest IBM machines, there are seminars on successful investing, on bridge, on sculpture and arts and crafts, lectures, workshops, films, organized games of Trivial Pursuits, dance lessons, bingo sessions, free-range discussions, table tennis tourna-

ments, and music and entertainment virtually everywhere. The dedication to passing the time is whole-hearted and relentless, and you will have to be equally determined if you want to get away from it all for a while. None of the public rooms is devoted to peace and quiet. Even the small library is hyperactive, and nowhere on more than a dozen decks and in as many elegantly furnished and decorated public rooms could I find a writing table.

The old writing room was recently replaced by the new computer



Travelling in style on the *QE2*: there are plenty of activities to help you find your sea legs. When you want peace there is an ocean view to go with it, and after the fresh air and exercise the sharpened appetite can be well satisfied.



their flagship for at least 20 years.

It is a pity that a similar future cannot be predicted for Concorde. There is little chance that Cunard's inspired transatlantic link with the supersonic airliner will be able to run into the 21st century, for British Airways cannot at present forecast a life for Concorde beyond another decade or so. At present Cunard are Concorde's biggest charter user, taking up 17,000 seats this year, and their attractive *QE2*-Concorde-Waldorf round-trip package, which can be done for less than the cost of a single Concorde transatlantic flight, must encourage many to try what the company fairly describe as one of the "world's great travelling experiences" for the first time.

From Britain it is probably best to begin the experience with Concorde. It has the advantage of getting you to New York in three and a half hours, which means arriving at Kennedy Airport local time one and a half hours before you leave Heathrow. The Concorde lounge in the new Terminal 4 is about the most comfortable way of waiting for a flight yet devised: dove grey carpets and pink upholstery, prints by John Golding, Bridget Riley, Sean Scully and others on the walls, Wedgwood china for coffee and a well-stocked complimentary bar.

Concorde itself, as many long-limbed passengers have discovered, is not the most roomy of aircraft, but compensation is offered in the style and quality of service and comforts provided on board. On the Cunard charter, passengers are encouraged to visit the flight deck, which adds to the supersonic experience, though the greatest impression ➤➤

learning centre, and though one can regret its passing, and hope that room might be found for one in the next refit, there can be little doubt that Cunard have got their priorities right. The centre is busy all day long. The twice-daily lectures and instruction sessions are well attended, and there seem always to be people running through the programmes well after midnight.

The regular refits and introduction of new facilities have kept the *QE2* young. The requisitioning of the ship for trooping duties in the Falk-

lands in 1982 forced some structural alterations, including the removal of some of the upper deck so that large helicopter landing pads could be constructed on the quarter decks both in the stern and in the bows. When the liner returned from service in the South Atlantic the two helicopter pads were removed and more changes made, including the installation of the Golden Door Spa on Six Deck and, in the following year, the fitting of a retractable glass roof over the Lido deck, pool and dance floor.

Later this year the *QE2* is to return to Bremerhaven in West Germany (no British shipyard having bid for the work) for another major service which will include the replacement of the current steam turbines by new diesel engines capable of increasing the liner's normal maximum speed from 29½ knots to 32½, with a considerable saving in fuel cost. The six-month refit, which will also involve more changes and improvements in passenger and crew accommodation, will cost £80 million but will, Cunard say, secure the future of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK RIBOUD

The RAF Benevolent Fund repays the debt we owe



The Royal Air Force reached a peak strength of 1,200,000 in 1944 and more than 1½ million men and women served during the war years.

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The luxurious surroundings of the QE2 provide a restful contrast to the bustle of New York city.

» of speed comes while the plane is still on the ground. The take-off speed is 250mph, which means that even before leaving the ground Concorde would overtake a Formula One racing car flat out on the runway. There is excitement, too, when the after-burners take the aircraft through Mach 1 and on to the cruising speed of 1,350mph, though the only physical sensation is a small nudge in the back, and there is certainly evidence of speed when the captain points out a westbound jumbo jet thousands of feet below seeming to be going backwards, but at 55,000 feet there is no vibration and no turbulence to give any real feel of movement.

The arrival at Kennedy Airport is anti-climactic, at least for foreign visitors who are reminded, or quickly made aware if they did not already know, that American bureaucracy is no more efficient than anyone else's. After a journey of three and a half hours across 3,000 miles it may take almost as long—and will certainly seem it—to go through the formalities of immigration and travel the 22 miles to the heart of Manhattan. At this stage of the journey you can only sit back and practise some form of yoga until you are safely delivered to your room in the Waldorf, complete with plastic card-key (much easier to carry than the old metal key, and much more secure, since every card is unique).

By New York standards the Waldorf is a very old hotel indeed, having been first opened in 1931, but it is very comfortable, with large air-conditioned bedrooms, good service, splendid Art Deco public rooms, constantly changing flowers, towels and guests, and it is ideally placed, occupying nearly 2 acres in midtown Manhattan on Park Avenue. Big and crowded it undoubtedly is, but it is still able to produce afternoon tea made from leaves rather than bags, accompanied, on Sundays, by a trio from (I would guess, but did not like to interrupt them to find out) the Juilliard School of Music. Cunard's schedules allow anything

from one to seven nights at the Waldorf. They are not likely to be enough.

Whether you are there on business or pleasure, New York is exhausting. Time is what everyone there seems desperately short of, so the prospect of four or five days on the QE2 now seems not only beguiling but essential. Before aircraft captured most of the transatlantic traffic it used to be said that the big passenger liners were "the only way to cross". That clearly is no longer so, but in combining the fastest method of crossing one way with the relaxing and time-recovering advantages of the sea voyage going back, Cunard have surely now created a better way to cross. ○

Our Travel Editor writes:

The QE2 will make seven more round trips from Southampton to New York this season, the last westbound on October 7, the last eastbound on October 20. All can be combined with Concorde flights either way, plus stays in the Waldorf Astoria of one to seven nights. Travelling from the UK these holidays cost between £1,760 and £2,435 in first class, between £1,245 and £1,785 in transatlantic class per person with two sharing. Single cabins and rooms available at a supplement of between £130 and £1,570 according to class and length of stay.

Single fare on the ship is £1,605 to £2,960 in first class, £980 to £1,565 in transatlantic. Fly either way by Concorde on selected dates for £399 supplement (£499 from Washington or Miami). There are many other permutations including flying subsonic by British Airways, holidays in Washington, Miami or Niagara Falls, a cruise to Bermuda and, also in late season, sailing on *Sagaford*. Various reduced rates are available on specified voyages, including free travel for second adult when the other pays full fare.

All rates include first class rail travel in the UK to or from Southampton or free parking there. Port dues (currently £39) are additional on all sailings.

Full details in the QE2 brochure which also contains deck plans of the liner.

Addresses: Cunard, 30a Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5LS (491 3930) or South Western House, Canute Road, Southampton SO9 1ZA (0703 34166).

A formula for success

Stuart Marshall describes the emergence of Spain as a major car-producing country

Spain does not naturally come to mind as a car producer and it is thus surprising to realize it is now the seventh largest car-making nation in the world and has left the United Kingdom far behind. This year it will produce an estimated 1.3 million vehicles, the vast majority of them passenger cars.

Their owners may not be aware of it but the Vauxhall Nova saloons and hatchbacks sold in Britain and elsewhere are made in Spain. So, too, are many of the Ford Fiestas and Volkswagen Polos.

In addition to Ford and Opel, Renault, Peugeot and Citroën have substantial stakes in Spain's motor industry. But these are multi-national companies whose Spanish assembly plants are only a small part of their total operation. Spain's own, home-based car maker is Seat, which began selling its first exclusively Spanish models in Britain last year.

Seat has come a long way since it assembled its first car nearly 33 years ago. Then it was an offshoot of Fiat, producing modified versions of generally outdated models entirely for local consumption. Its first essay at "in house" design was in 1977, when it announced the model 133 as a replacement for the Fiat 850 it had been making under licence. The 133, a rear-engined two-door saloon of simple though rugged design, was even exported to Britain in limited numbers and sold through Fiat dealerships. It was, after all, Fiat-inspired and had many Fiat components.

But 30 years of co-operation with Fiat came to an end in 1980. Seat was left to face the future with three possible courses of action: shut down, surrender to whatever conditions were imposed upon it by government to keep operating, or

fight for survival. It chose the third course. Within three years, to Fiat's chagrin, it was exporting the Ronda—a car based on Fiat's own Ritmo—to European countries at a price which undercut the Italian car maker's own product.

By 1981 Seat had mapped its future course. It had to rationalize and cut its swollen labour force; seek a new partner for technological co-operation; develop new products; and establish an export network capable of absorbing 50 per cent of its production capacity. Since then it has shed 30 per cent of its workers, linked with Volkswagen (which is now a majority shareholder), created a range of Seat models owing nothing to any other car maker and last year sold 60 per cent of its production abroad through 1,600 dealerships.

Seat is now manufacturing several Volkswagen models, notably the Polo, but its main achievement has been to design, develop and bring into production its own family cars, the Ibiza and Malaga. The Ibiza, a four-to-five-seat hatchback, and the Malaga, a booted saloon derived from it, have been on sale in Britain for nearly a year. There is also a Malaga hatchback with five doors—the Ibiza has three.

When it took the decision to make its own models, as opposed to other makers' cars under licence, Seat went to three of Europe's automotive fountainheads: Porsche for an engine and gearbox; Ital Design for a body; and Karmann, a Volkswagen collaborator, for production engineering expertise.

The Ibiza and Malaga are conventional European cars in that they have their four-cylinder engines set sideways and driving the front wheels through a five-speed gear-

box. Buyers have a choice of 1.2 litres or 1.5 litres cylinder-capacity petrol engines or a 1.7 litre diesel, though this unit is not yet offered in Britain. The styling is typical of Ital Design, which has been responsible for many of Europe's best-selling cars, including the VW Golf and Fiat Uno.

Both cars are clean and simple almost to the point of austerity. If anything sets them apart from their competitors it is their long wheelbase which, combined with all-independent suspension, gives them above-average ride comfort. They have rack-and-pinion steering, front disc and rear drum brakes with servo assistance. The Ibiza owes nothing to Fiat at all; the Malaga makes use of some Fiat Ritmo underbody components but the styling is by Ital Design, like the Ibiza's.

The petrol engines—I have not yet tried the diesel—are exceptionally free-revving; the 1.2 litre produces 63bhp at 5,800rpm, the 1.5 litre, 85bhp at 5,600rpm. However fast one makes them spin, they remain smooth and vibration-free. They also pull very well at low speeds, making the cars easy to drive in town with a minimum of gear changing. Steering is fairly low-gear, which also helps in traffic and when parking.

Despite their modest prices, which fall between the figures one pays for an East European car on the one hand, a German or Japanese car on the other, the Seats are well equipped. Even the 1.2 "L" (which means the base) model Ibiza, which sells at £4,095, has a rear window wash/wipe, aerodynamic spoilers front and rear and anatomically shaped reclining seats. The same excellent five-speed gearbox is used throughout the range. The 1.2 litre Ibiza is good for close to 100mph and yields about 40mpg if sensibly driven on a journey. A tank holding 11 gallons means there will be few stops for refuelling. As one moves up the range standard equipment includes tinted windows, and on the GLX version (from £5,290) there are electrically operated front windows and central locking.

Seat came cautiously into the British market but has established a network of nearly 100 dealers. Although the concession for Seat is owned by Lonrho, which also imports Audi and Volkswagen cars into Britain, it will be run quite separately. One can almost foresee the top-of-the-range Seats giving the cheaper VW Golf models a run for their money in the years to come ○



Made in Spain with German and Italian expertise and available in Britain: the Seat Ibiza hatchback.

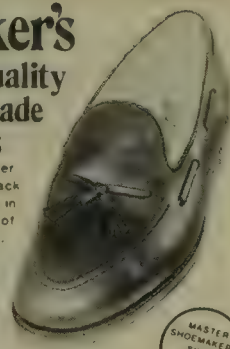
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Iron Age chariot-burials

Ian Stead describes the third-century chariot-burials discovered in Humberside, objects from which feature in a new exhibition at the British Museum.



There was a flourishing population in Britain throughout the Iron Age (from the sixth century BC to AD 43, the date of the Roman conquest), but how they disposed of their dead is a mystery. In south-east England cremation burials are well known but they belong to the final century of the period. The only other exception is in east Yorkshire where, incredibly, several thousand Iron Age burials are known. There the normal rite is of crouched or contracted inhumation, with the skeleton in a grave covered by a small barrow built of material dug from a surrounding square-plan ditch. Agriculture, from Roman times onwards, flattened the mounds and the distinctive square-plan barrows were lost until two were located by excavation in 1959. Then, in the 1960s, the position changed dramatically as air photography revealed many more square barrows whose filled-in ditches were sharply defined in ripening crops. They appeared singly, in small groups and in large cemeteries of several hundred barrows.

Square barrows are particularly evident on the air photographs of the dry gravel valleys on the east side of the chalk Wolds, where a sample (250 burials) was excavated between Burton Fleming and Rudston, west of Bridlington, in the 1970s. Although antiquarians had dug some surviving barrows in the 19th century, the Burton Fleming excavations were the first of their kind in modern times and they estab-

lished the typical range of grave-goods which amounted to about a third of the burials accompanied by a brooch, and a much smaller proportion with a pot or perhaps a bracelet.

Early in the 1960s another cemetery of this type was destroyed by gravel digging at Garton Slack, a long gravel valley leading up into the wolds from Driffild. As the gravel extraction was to continue, the Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments organized excavations ahead of the destruction, and, under the direction of Tony Brewster, an impressive range of Prehistoric and Roman remains was recovered. When Brewster retired he handed over direction to John Dent, a field officer for Humberside County Council Archaeological Unit. Soon another extensive square barrow cemetery was found at Wetwang Slack, and from 1975 to 79 Dent excavated no fewer than 446 Iron Age burials.

By 1981 the finds became sparser and a full-time archaeological presence was no longer needed, although every time a further stretch of top-soil was stripped it was thoroughly searched for archaeological remains. Then, in June, 1984, came a surprise when the machine excavating the gravel broke into another Iron Age grave. It was a chariot-burial, and the driver of the gravel-excavator, Mick Ward, recognized it as such because he had seen one excavated by Brewster in 1971. Immediately Dent was back and in the next couple of months he excavated a group of

three chariot-burials—the most spectacular graves of their kind to be found in Britain.

Mick Ward had discovered, and correctly identified, the iron tyre of an Iron Age cart or chariot. He had uncovered about a quarter of its circuit, and destroyed a small part of the grave, but there was surprisingly little damage to the archaeological material. The floor of the grave measured 2.25 metres by about 2 metres and was 0.85 metre deep in the gravel after the top-soil had been stripped. The two wheels had been removed from the vehicle and laid flat: the metal fittings—tyres and nave-hoops—had survived but the wooden parts had decayed long ago. On top of the wheels was the flexed skeleton of a young man, with his sword in its scabbard and the metal fittings of his shield. Seven spearheads were scattered over and around the skeleton. On one of the flattened wheels there had been a wooden yoke, now represented only by a line of metal terrets (rein-rings); within the circuit of each wheel was an antler linch-pin which would have secured the wheel on the axle, and near one of them was a pair of iron horse-bits. A clear rectangular shape around the skeleton, about 1.5 metres by 0.95 metre, represented some kind of wooden box: within that outline the filling was quite loose, but outside it was comparatively hard.

About 20 metres away there was a second chariot-burial with wheels, skeleton, yoke, horse-bits, "box" and axle, all in similar positions. It, too, had a sword in its scabbard, but there was no shield and no spearheads. Both chariot-burials were at the centre of square barrows 6.5 metres to 7 metres across—and in the gap between them was another, even larger.

The central grave in the larger square contained the third chariot-burial—the only one completely undisturbed by quarrying, so that its entire plan could be recovered. It was 0.73 metre deep and on the floor it measured 3.58 metres long and 2.34 metres wide. The wheels were in the familiar position, but the nave-hoops were made of bronze instead of iron. One of the wheels was crossed by a line of five bronze terrets, and within its circuit were two bronze and iron linch-pins. The skeleton was that of a young woman and on her chest was a fine iron, gold and coral pin. Behind her skull were two bronze and iron horse-bits and an iron mirror—the fourth of its kind to be found in these Humberside graves—and above that was a remarkable and unique bronze canister, now familiarly known as the "bean-tin". The axle of the vehicle survived as a soil-mark, and so did the pole which had been accommodated in a long projecting "tongue" cut into one end of the grave. Pole and axle were at right-



Iron Age square barrows under excavation at Burton Fleming in Humberside, left. The iron remains of a cart or chariot found at Wetwang Slack in 1984, above. A decorated bronze canister, the "bean tin", found with a skeleton of a woman at Wetwang Slack, right.

angles to one another, and it was apparent that this framework had been buried in one piece. Around the skeleton was a rectangular outline: about 1.82 metres by 1.20 metres, it was larger than the comparable features in the other two graves and was not orientated with the T-shaped frame. It might have been the body of the cart, but if so then it would appear to have been removed from the frame before burial.

The Wetwang Slack chariot-burials may have occurred within a generation of one another, and perhaps belonged to the same family. Only nine comparable burials had hitherto been found locally, and one—the only other to be excavated in modern times—was found by Brewster just over 1 kilometre away down the valley. Interestingly it, too, was in a small group of barrows, and yet between these two groups was a huge cemetery without a single chariot-burial. At other sites chariots had been found in graves in the middle of extensive cemeteries.

Tony Pacitto and myself, on behalf of the British Museum, set out to prospect for more chariot-burials—and found one 5 kilometres from the Wetwang Slack site, farther down the same valley. The new site is an extensive cemetery in a field adjoining the now defunct Garton Station. By kind permission of the land-owners, the Crown Estate Commissioners, a small sample area was excavated in September, 1985, uncovering 13 Iron Age barrows as well as a scattered cemetery of Saxon burials. The chariot-burial was at the centre of a large square barrow (12 metres by 11 metres across) and the central grave was enormous: 4



metres long, up to 2 metres wide and 1.3 metres deep—the largest Iron Age grave to be found in Britain. The burial rite differed slightly in that the dismantled wheels were not on the floor but leaning against the wall of the grave in one corner. The skeleton of a man was in a comparable position, flexed and in the centre of the grave, with a line of terrets representing the yoke, a couple of iron horse-bits and a pair of iron linch-pins. The two wheels were removed in a huge block and carefully excavated in the laboratory where it was found that the spokes, naves and felloes could be distinguished because soil had silted into the cavities left by the decaying wood. The position of the axle and pole was represented in the same way, by lines of soil within the gravel filling. Judging from the height of these marks above the floor of the grave the framework of the vehicle had been placed on top of the corpse. Furthermore, unlike the Wetwang Slack burials there was no sign of a "box" around the skeleton, but there was a hint of a rectangular shape high in the filling of the grave, well above the axle and pole. It may be that the body of the chariot had been buried, but the corpse was underneath the vehicle and not inside it.

The new discoveries provide some basic facts about the size of the vehicles: axles range from 1.8 metres to 2.2 metres long, and poles extend from 2.7 metres to 3 metres. But nothing is known of the superstruc-

ture, nor the purpose of these vehicles. The association with swords might suggest that they were war-chariots, but of the 13 chariot-burials now found in the area only two have weapons with them, and at least two others were the graves of women.

It is impossible to distinguish chronologically between the four chariot-burials: to all intents and purposes they were contemporary, buried perhaps in the third century BC. Yet each grave produced a different type of linch-pin, different terrets, and different horse-bits—a rich variety of material from a period hitherto not well represented in metalwork. The horse-bits from the woman's grave at Wetwang Slack, and the central terret from the Garton Station grave, are ornamented in relief in a "Plastic Style" virtually unknown in Britain. Its counterpart on the Continent is contemporary with the "Sword Style" of Early Celtic art and indeed that is what has been engraved on the two scabbard plates and the "bean-tin"—a British "Sword Style". The scabbards are decorated for the length of their bronze front-plates with scrolls and tendrils which find their nearest parallels on Irish scabbard plates. The decoration is worn, and unfortunately not easy to decipher because of corrosion and a varied patina, but every detail can be recovered by careful study.

Undoubtedly the most fascinating of the finds is the "bean-tin". Its decoration, closely related to one of the scabbards, is well preserved though not well executed and in part blundered where the designer lost his way in the swirling scrolls. It is made of sheet bronze, completely sealed—just like a bean-tin—and has a length of chain attached to one end. The most plausible explanation is that it served some ritual purpose. It does not rattle, and X-rays (including neutron radiographs) have failed to detect anything inside: perhaps it was some kind of a reliquary, which could have held viscera.

Chariot-burials, and square barrows, are well known in other Celtic territories in Europe and it seems likely that the Yorkshire/Humberside tradition stemmed from a Continental source, presumably by immigration—no later than the fourth century BC. The new finds take us closer than ever before to the Continental roots.

You can see the "bean-tin" and the other finds from the Wetwang Slack chariot-burials with a full-scale reconstruction of the Garton Station burial (plus the Iron Age bog-man, Lindow Man) in Archaeology in Britain, a new major exhibition which will be at the British Museum for eight months from July 3 ○

Ian Stead is Deputy Keeper of the Department of Prehistoric and Romano-British Antiquities at the British Museum.

ILN AUCTION

In this second edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game readers are invited to match their estimates of prices likely to be fetched at auction with those of a panel of experts drawn from the auction houses and chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The game is being run in conjunction with three London salerooms—Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips. The items coming up for sale will be drawn from one of these three salerooms each month, and the reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s expert panel will win a voucher, worth £1,000, presented by the particular auction house involved and redeemable at any of its sales during the coming year. The objects in this month's competition, featured opposite, come from Bonhams. Here Roger Berthoud puts the Paton painting in context.

British marine painters have always been overshadowed by the great Dutch practitioners who originally inspired them. Leaving aside Turner, the best known are Charles Brooking and Samuel Scott. Richard Paton, whose work we illustrate below and whose painting on

the opposite page is included in the Bonhams sale, is at the top of the second league. Over the past two years examples of his uneven talents have fetched between £2,500 and £12,000, the latter price being paid for *Vessels in a Fair Breeze* in December, 1984.

The Battle of Quiberon Bay, below, hangs in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, which acquired it in 1947 from its first benefactor, Sir James Caird. It shows a dramatic episode of the Seven Years' War in which, in 1759, Lord Hawke inflicted a severe defeat on the French fleet off the coast of Brittany. The focus of the large painting is the French two-decker *Thésée* sinking beside the *Torbay*, which is still firing into her. The painting being auctioned, bottom right, depicts the aftermath of another Franco-British naval engagement off Brittany 20 years later, between the British ship *Quebec* (32 guns) and the French ship *Surveillante* (40 guns). Captain Farmer, seen to the fore of the exploding vessel, died when his ship was blown up after a three-and-a-half-hour battle on October 6, 1779.

Paton's rise to prominence was a romantic story. Born in London in 1717, he was believed to have been the youngest son of an impoverished family which sent him out as a child to beg. He must have made an engaging or convincing beggar, for when he accosted Commander (later Admiral) Sir Charles Knowles on Tower Hill, the

latter found him a place as assistant to the ship's painter on board his own vessel. Though presumably self-taught, Paton rose to success as a marine artist, and was competent in other spheres too, being appointed Assistant Accountant in the Excise Office in 1742. He came to notice with paintings of the capture of the *Foudroyant* in 1758 and of the Battle of Lagos the following year, both of which were shown at the Society of Artists in 1762 and subsequently engraved. He later exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Maritime power and marine painting went hand in hand, with the Dutch dominant in both in the late 16th and 17th centuries. Pieter Bruegel the Elder was among the first to tackle ships and the sea as a theme. The earliest specialist was Hendrik Cornelisz Vroom (1566-1640), who was commissioned to make cartoons for tapestries, formerly in the House of Lords, showing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The greatest marine painter, by common consent, was Willem van der Velde the Younger, who greatly boosted the genre when he arrived in London in 1672 with his productive younger brother Adriaen. Of Willem II's English admirers, Samuel Scott came closest to approaching his accuracy and skill in composition, while the short-lived Charles Brooking caught something of the pearly quality of the Dutchman's early work. Both these artists are reckoned to have influenced Paton's development.





A Charles Gregory

Above, a view of the Island Sailing Club, Isle of Wight, with the Royal Yacht and Sailing Vessels moored off-shore. Pencil and watercolour, signed and dated C. Gregory 1867. 11½ in × 20½ in; one of a pair. Bonhams' estimate: £3,000-£5,000.

B Woolwork picture

Below, a 19th-century woolwork picture depicting the naval engagement between HMS *Shannon* and the US frigate *Chesapeake*, showing both ships firing broadsides. Framed and glazed, 33.5cm × 51.5cm. Bonhams' estimate: £1,500-£2,000.



C Richard Paton

Below, late 18th-century painting of "the distressed situation of the *Quebec* and the *Surveillante*, a French ship of war", inscribed on the reverse. Oil on panel, 30 in × 50 in. Bonhams' estimate: £4,000-£6,000.



D Mahogany ship's wheel

Right, mahogany ship's wheel with eight turned spokes and central brass fixing and band, 124cm diameter. English, early 20th century. Bonhams' estimate: £250-£350.



HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up in the Cowes Marine Sale at Bonhams, Montpelier Street, in London at 6pm on August 14. Viewing for the sale is on August 11-13, 9am-7pm and on August 14, 9am-6pm. Bonhams hold two specialist marine sales a year and this one, which will include around 200 items, is arranged to follow Cowes Regatta Week.

Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Bonhams which can be redeemed at any Bonhams sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of

more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the Paton, which the experts judged to be the most difficult to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the July competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* offices not later than July 31, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the July, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the July auction will be announced in the September issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Phillips.

JULY COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by July 31, 1986.

Send the completed form to:

The Illustrated London News (July Auction)
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Estimate for object A _____ Estimate for object C _____

Estimate for object B _____ Estimate for object D _____

TOTAL ESTIMATE _____

Name _____

Address _____

BRICK LANE



*Sclater Street and Cygnet Street
part of Brick Lane Sunday Market*

Edna Lumb

Brick Lane in Shoreditch, E1, is one of the most popular and quite possibly the best street market currently operating in London. Like the better known Petticoat Lane, which is not a thousand yards away, it is a Sunday morning market and it trades in a great variety of goods. But it is less predictable, and if you get there early you are more likely to find something surprising, and a good bargain. There are fruit and vegetables, household goods, antiques, power drills, snakeskins, old Hoovers, newish looking hi-fis as well as a good variety of lower-fis, ties, suits,

worn furs, unworn cloth caps, wheelks, wardrobes and (on a recent Sunday) a Rolls-Royce radiator grill. There are also birds, but the reptiles and small animals that used to be a feature of the market are now less visible following the concentrated attention of members of the RSPCA.

To many East Enders the market is still known as Club Row, which was the original animal market. Club Row itself is no longer a trading area, but the Brick Lane market spreads a good way beyond the Lane itself (which is mainly occupied by fruit and vegetable stalls, and is probably the

most conventional and least interesting part of the market). The bird shop is in Sclater Street, but it is here also that you will find bicycles, alarm clocks, tapes and much else. The other market streets are Bacon, Cygnet, Cheshire and Granby Streets and the gaps between buildings and railway arches all around them. They were officially declared a market in 1927, but they were active many years earlier for this was one of the areas outside the city gates used by farmers to avoid the tolls they would have to have paid as they entered to trade within the city.

JAMES BISHOP

REVIEWS

ART

Hockney's summer madness

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The big news of this year's Royal Academy Summer Show is undoubtedly David Hockney's first appearance there as an Associate of the Royal Academy. He is rather meagrely represented by three recent lithographs, notable chiefly for their colossal asking prices—more than £12,000 for one image, and more than £10,000 for each of the other two. All three have been produced in editions of 75 copies. Otherwise, the mixture is much as before—good work cheek by jowl with the memorably awful or the totally unmemorable. But that is the essential nature of unwieldy exhibitions of this kind, and there is in fact plenty to like, for example, the self-portraits by comparative unknowns. These often convey a passionate self-scrutiny which gives a clear idea of the pleasures and pains of making art.

Among the major names, John Hoyland, Tom Phillips and Craigie Aitchison all come off well, and are correspondingly well hung. John Hoyland has been given a room of his own which he has arranged to some effect round his own contribution. Three big, striking pictures show him in good form, and cost slightly less than a Hockney lithograph. Craigie Aitchison dominates the biggest gallery, Gallery III, with an extremely odd version of the Crucifixion, in which Christ on His Cross is being sniffed at by a large Bedlington terrier. Tom Phillips has three works in the Central Hall, entitled *Curriculum Vitae I, II and III*, which consist largely of exquisitely managed lettering.

Another artist with big effect is Anthony Green—but he got the measure of the Summer Show long ago. His brightly coloured, eccentrically shaped and sometimes slyly erotic paintings are the opposite of anything traditionally regarded as academic, though they work perfectly in this highly competitive context. The two for sale also cost less than a Hockney lithograph.



FRAMLINGTON GROUP PC

CINEMA

A rich and satisfying experience

BY GEORGE PERRY

So much of contemporary American cinema is essentially trashy. We must, therefore, be thankful that separate from all the destructive enforcers, indestructible supercops, motiveless villains, driller killers, assassins, rapists, the Rockys and the Rambos, there is still Woody Allen. He has made 14 serious mainstream films, serious in the sense that each has explored some aspect of the human condition and made its tart comment, although with the exception of the sombre *Interiors* all are comedies.

His new film, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, is a major work firmly placing Allen in the pantheon of the world's greatest living directors, let us say among the likes of Bergman, Kurosawa, Ray and Lean and, as he is still alive, Marcel Carné. From this

extravagant tribute it can be inferred that he has provided an artistically satisfying experience.

Hannah, played by Mia Farrow who, under Allen's tutelage, has developed a depth to her acting not previously apparent, is a happy, serene married woman, in spite of a large brood, the squabbling of her show-business parents (delightfully played by her real-life mother, Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan), and the guilt of her husband (Michael Caine) who is unable to accept her perfection.

At a Thanksgiving family get-together he lusts after Hannah's youngest sister, Lee (Barbara Hershey), who has conquered an alcohol problem but is enmeshed in a relationship with a domineering, middle-aged Nordic sculptor (Max von Sydow), and a sort of affair develops under Hannah's nose without her realizing it. The middle sister, Holly (Dianne Wiest), unable to make it as an actress, shuffles from one career to another, eventually forming a partnership with Hannah's ex-husband, Mickey, a successful television producer and chronic hypochondriac who appears to be undergoing the change-of-life.

The latter part may not be the largest in the film, but is its key and

Anthony Green's *Framlington Group*, oil on board, at the Royal Academy. The three partners are Bill Stuttford, Tim Miller and Antony Milford.

could be taken only by Allen himself. He is very funny as a man wrapped up in the belief that he is dying from a brain tumour. His elation when an examination shows it not to be so turns almost instantly to fresh worries that God no longer cares for him, and sends him on a quest for the most effective medium through which to gain divine approval.

Here then are two of Woody Allen's recurring themes, which reach an apotheosis in this film: that of the inter-relationship of female siblings and their mysterious feminine bonding, and the mystery of life itself, its meaning and purpose in the face of apparent futility.

To which must be added another: his love of the city or, more specifically, of New York. The great American metropolis has had no greater romantic enthusiast. He turns into film the concept of an old Rodgers and Hart song of Manhattan as "an isle of joy" as his camera roams the streets, exulting in details of buildings that look Babylonian in their splendour and exuberance.

Hannah is a richly-layered ➤➤➤



Woody Allen as Hannah's ex-husband Mickey, in his latest film, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, which opens in London on July 18.

picture, to be enjoyed on many levels, and the large, ensemble cast works in perfect accord. It is a film that should not be missed.

Steven Spielberg also employs an ensemble cast in his new film *The Color Purple*, which he has directed. Temporarily, one suspects, he has eschewed the rolling balls and alien presences that normally characterize his work, and turned instead to the moving Deep South novel of the same title by Alice Walker, which relates a story of black women's struggle against oppression, not directly from the whites but from their own menfolk, who compensated for their own inhumane treatment by beating their wives. A surprising choice, perhaps, and in some quarters the director's motives have been suspected, as though he should stick to juvenile fantasies.

However, it should be said that Spielberg, apart from being the most commercially successful film-maker Hollywood has ever seen, is also possessed of a considerable degree of talent. He has a high regard for the craft of cinema and this is apparent in the lighting, editing, performances and the soundtrack which is mainly scored by Quincy Jones.

His film, from a screenplay by Menno Meyjes, is conceived on an epic level, the narrative embracing nearly 40 years of one woman's life. Although at times Spielberg steers perilously close to the rocks of sentimentality he avoids going aground.

The cast is almost totally black and reveals some extraordinary acting, most notably that of Whoopi Goldberg, in her first film role, as the central character, Celie. Oprah Winfrey, Margaret Avery and Rae Dawn Chong are outstanding among the women, while Danny Glover heads the male side of the cast list as Celie's dominant, unloving husband who cruelly conceals the letters received over the years from her sister who left to become a missionary in Africa.

Allen Daviau's cinematography is

inventive and colourful, occasionally rendering the pitiful shacks and decrepit houses in which poor blacks pass their deprived lives rather too picturesquely, like old-style *National Geographic* magazine colour plates. A set-piece sequence in which Margaret Avery's blues singer and an alfresco band duel with a gospel choir in a nearby church-house is as calculatedly designed to lift the spirit of the film as anything in a romantic Hollywood movie of the 1930s. So, too, is the eventual reunion of the sisters, shot in a field of waist-high purple blooms, with not a trick spared to evoke emotion in the audience.

THEATRE

The tragic dangers of dalliance

BY J. C. TREWIN

Briefly, when listening to the early talk of the brisk young men in *Dalliance* (at the Lyttelton), one might think of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It is true that the plays—one in London, one in Vienna—were staged in the same year, 1895. The resemblance ends there. Arthur Schnitzler, whose *Liebelei* Tom Stoppard has adapted, would not have let his narrative fan out into Wildean farce: it is a bubble with a dark tragedy at its heart.

This is Vienna of the operetta and the duel. We know from the moment when a character called simply "A Gentleman" (Basil Henson) arrives at the flat of the medical student who has been host at a pleasant supper, that there will be no serene ending. "I'm at your disposal" says the young man to his visitor. Whereupon the grim reply is simply, "And I'll dispose

of you." In one sense a comic scene, it is also deadly.

In making a version for the National company, Tom Stoppard has not gone all the way with Schnitzler; one harsh tragedy is enough for him. The medical student (who has been a dragoon) must end his philandering. When we meet him he is in the middle of both a reported affair with a woman in his own circle, and another, on stage, with a working-class girl whose father—splendidly created by Michael Bryant—is a violinist at an operetta theatre. On stage it is a snug party. Besides the host Fritz there are his friend, Theodore, another but more cautious student with a similar background; and the two girls they have picked up, Mizi, a seamstress at the theatre, and Christine who copies music there. It is a cheerful metropolitan night. All is going according to plan until a visitor rings and Fritz is left on his own for a few minutes to receive, in effect, news of his impending death: the visitor is the husband of his woman before last (whom we never see).

The piece slips into the shadow of fate. Fritz spends his final day aware that it must be his end. Meanwhile Christine, gauche, deeply in love, refusing to think of the affair as a routine Viennese flirtation, and knowing nothing of the tragedy that presently will ruin her (Stoppard does not go all the way with Schnitzler), must remain in a fool's paradise. Somewhere off-stage the bullet strikes. Fritz's friend brings the news to the

theatre where an operetta is in rehearsal and a real world is set against a cardboard one, though, as they are shown to us in this text, we begin to wonder how much difference there is.

Schnitzler saw in *Liebelei* a remorseless tragedy of Christine's true love; in Stoppard's *Dalliance*—even if Brenda Blethyn seems to be overwhelmed, and the actress could hardly be better—we have to be uncertain of her future. Stephen Moore's Fritz carries doom with him, a shallow, amiably faithless young man who no doubt would have settled to a customary Viennese married life, and who has no idea of the emotion he has evoked in the wrong girl. Tim Curry is, admirably, the companion Theodore who would never have allowed himself to be so unwary; Sally Dexter speaks with the most buoyant high spirits for Mizi, who understands in the same way how to look after herself in an operetta-world. Peter Wood has directed this version with the subtlest shading.

The main difficulty with the play is to reconcile its central truth, its central tragedy, with the light-hearted decorations. But we have to think ourselves into a dangerous existence where romance is all too easy and where the duel, realism's intrusion into erotic make-believe, must be a dire arbiter. If the play needs an epigraph, it might be (surprisingly) a snatch from Thackeray, "Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel."



Brenda Blethyn as Christine and Stephen Moore as Fritz in Stoppard's *Dalliance*.

DONALD COOPER

OPERA

Glyndebourne's compact Boccanegra

BY MARGARET DAVIES



Timothy Noble who sings the title role in *Simon Boccanegra* at Glyndebourne.

Simon Boccanegra was a bold choice to launch Glyndebourne's projected Verdi cycle, in view of the scale of the piece and the size of the theatre. Not one of Verdi's most coherent scores—it was first performed in 1857 and drastically revised in 1881—under Bernard Haitink's baton it rings out strongly and persuasively, embellished by the fine playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The producer, Peter Hall, tackles the space problem by focusing on the personal conflicts and relationships underlying the political situation in 14th-century Genoa, helped by John Gunter's designs. These are clear and uncluttered: evocative seascapes for the prologue and the final scene; a lattice-work porch for Fiesco's house and a huge window grille in the Doge's room; a simple awning over the terrace of the Grimaldi palace with its view of a rocky, off-shore island.

The Council Chamber scene remains a problem. Its raised throne in the form of a galleon, with patricians and plebeians aligned on opposite sides, makes a striking tableau, but once the action gets under way there is scant room for the invading insurgents, and the crucial confrontations between the central characters, which form the climax of the opera, lose some of their impact.

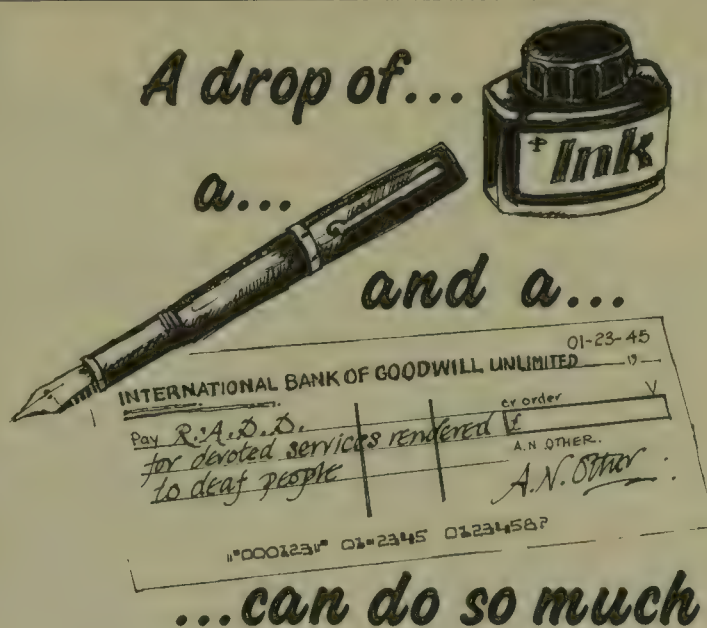
The duologues are the strong points; they are the stepping stones on which the drama advances. The one on which Peter Hall has lavished his best attention is the moving

recognition scene between Boccanegra and Amelia. Their tentative approach to full awareness that they have found each other after 20 years' separation is perfectly timed and beautifully executed by Timothy Noble and Carol Vaness.

Already familiar at Glyndebourne for her fine Mozart performances, Miss Vaness infuses her firmly rounded, eloquent singing with character, bringing definition to one of Verdi's rather sketchy heroines. Mr Noble, an American baritone making his British debut, presents a bluff, unvarnished Boccanegra, richly sung but without breadth of characterization; his thick-set build is moreover not flattered by a shiny red leather costume. Robert Lloyd's Fiesco, heard in the Royal Opera production, is nobly sung and portrayed, but still scaled for the much larger theatre so that in the encounters with Boccanegra the two characters seem to be on a different wavelength. John Rawnsley as Paolo Albiani has the exact measure of the house and projects his strongly focused baritone to venomous effect. Gabriele Adorno is pleasingly sung by the Corsican tenor Tibère Raffalli, and Geoffrey Moses is a sound Pietro.

Last year's finely-wrought production of *Albert Herring* from the same team returned with its insights into the Loxford characters unblurred and with newly observed details of Suffolk village life to delight the sharp-eyed. The cast, again headed by the not-so-dim Albert of John Graham-Hall, was enhanced by Anne Collins's implacable and clearly enunciated Florence Pike, Jeffrey Black's bright-voiced and sharp-witted Sid, and Louise Winter as his eager girl-friend Nancy.

It is hardly possible to categorize Harrison Birtwistle's ambitious creation *The Mask of Orpheus*, given its world première by ENO, as opera. The words sung, spoken or mouthed by the cast are often either inaudible or unintelligible as the human voice is woven into the orchestral and electronic tapestry of sound—sometimes amplified to the limit of aural endurance, sometimes hauntingly beautiful—which reverberates around the Coliseum. Birtwistle has taken the familiar Orpheus and Euridice myth and linked and interwoven it with other Orpheus associations and unfolds his story from the birth of Orpheus to his death at the hands of the Dionysiac women, distorting the sequence of time with forward and backward projection and much repetition, and using a singer, a mime and a puppet to portray each of the main characters, sometimes singly, sometimes together. The realization of this long and taxing work is a *tour de force* by the producer, David Freeman, joint conductors Elgar Howarth and Paul Daniel, and the masked and generally unrecognizable cast.



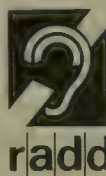
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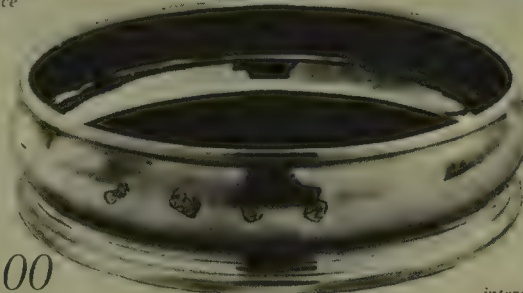
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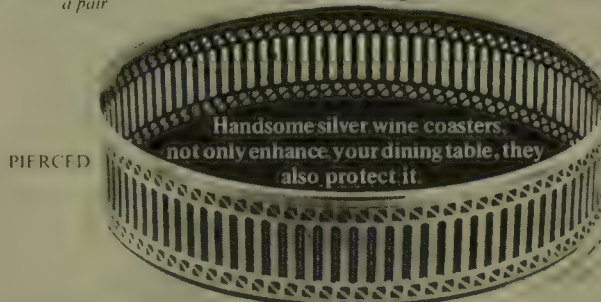
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Events of a watershed year

BY ROBERT BLAKE

1936: As recorded by *The Spectator*

Introduced and edited by Charles Moore and Christopher Hawtree

Michael Joseph, £14.95

1936 was the year of three kings, the first since 1483 and the second since 1066. It began with the solemn pomp of a royal funeral and ended with the drama—it really seemed a drama at the time—of the Abdication. Yet the effects were very slight. It was the monarchy which the public respected, not an individual monarch who had stepped out of line. Events of far greater importance occurred in those 12 months. They can be seen as the watershed between an uneasy peace and a war which, though not inevitable, had become much harder to avoid. It was the year of the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the Italian annexation of Abyssinia, the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, and the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact. By its end the prospects of peace had become darker in almost every respect.

Some of the political comments in *The Spectator* were shrewd, some banal, some fatuous. Goronwy Rees was an intelligent man, but how could he have written so naïvely about the USSR on May 1—an appropriate day no doubt: “M. Stalin has promised the reform and democratization of universal, direct and secret suffrage... It begins to be possible to

believe that the course of Russia's development is towards the realization of ideals to which Western democracies cling.” This, on the eve of a series of farcical mock trials and ferocious purges which rivalled anything Hitler had done. On the other hand R. C. K. Ensor's article on *Mein Kampf* is wonderfully perceptive. He had actually read the unexpurgated German edition. He saw no reason to doubt that Hitler meant exactly what he said, as indeed proved to be the case.

The editor, Wilson Harris, a teetotal Quaker whose desk Bible was found after his departure to be lined with pornographic photographs, tends to be too bland. He writes an excellent piece on the Spanish Civil War only six weeks after it began, pointing out that support of the Madrid government was in no sense support of democracy: “The plain fact is that in Spain there is no democracy as democracy is understood in Great Britain and France; there never has been; and there is no possibility of the establishment of a democratic régime after this war, whichever side wins it.” He was, however, less felicitous in his article “As 1936 Ends”, writing “Apart from Spain the world that enters 1937 is still a world at peace. What is more, over large sections of the world the peace is stable and deep-rooted.” He

admitted that Germany was an exception and the menacing language of its controlled press about Czechoslovakia “a symptom not to be made light of”. But cheerfulness breaks in. “It may be hoped that the fact that the eyes of Europe are on Czechoslovakia as a possible object of German aggression will in itself check any such intention if it exists.” Events showed that it was not enough just to direct one's eyes.

This fascinating anthology is by no means confined to politics. There are literature, the arts and much else. *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* came out that year and received a well deserved pasting from John Hayward. It included 15 poems by Lady Gerald Wellesley (who has ever heard of her today?) and none by Wilfred Owen, because Yeats, the editor, disapproved *en principe* of war poems; a plethora of Irish poets but hardly anything by Kipling, because the OUP was too stingy to pay the fees.

Another very enjoyable review is Graham Greene's of *No Place Like Home*, a travelogue by that popular exponent of archness and whimsy, Beverley Nicholls. The reviewer presumes that the author's name must be the pseudonym of a middle-aged spinster who keeps house for a clerical brother. “I picture her in rather old-fashioned mauve with a whale-

bone collar... a little absurd, as when she writes of the Garden of Gethsemane: ‘Here I had the greatest shock of all. *For the garden was not even weeded!*’”

If the young Graham Greene could be very entertaining, so could the young Evelyn Waugh. I commend his article on Christmas presents. He finds it “hard to see what useful end is served by the annual exchange of objects of identical value between people of identical income”. Why not exchange cheques? But think of the embarrassment of sending one for a pound (people did in those days) and receiving one for a guinea. What about book tokens? No, it is the most ignominious of all presents “approximating to the admonition offered the tramp, ‘Now spend this on nourishing food, my good man, not on beer’”—the disadvantages of a cheque without the advantages. The answer is books. Not, of course, to give pleasure but to wipe out old scores: Fowler's *Modern English Usage* for a friend whose literary style grates, a cookery book for a dud hostess, a treatise on discipline for the parents of spoilt children. “We can send these missiles in the happy assurance that in the dyspeptic gloom of Boxing Day, any hit which we score will be doubly painful.” There can be no better Christmas present this year than this book.

RECENT FICTION

Five violent lives — and deaths

BY HARRIET WAUGH

Breaking the Rules

by Caroline Lassalle

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

A Shadow in the Weave

by Michael Humfrey

John Murray, £8.95

Joining the Grown-Ups

by Christine Park

Heinemann, £9.95

Caroline Lassalle has written two excellent, malevolent novels under the name of Emma Cave. She would seem to have conned her publisher into classifying them as romantic fiction, as they were issued with the kind of covers that literary editors of quality magazines and newspapers do not bother to send out for review.

In consequence, her praises have remained largely unsung, which is a great pity.

Her new novel, *Breaking the Rules*, published under her own name, comes with a sensible cover and should receive more attention. It has a less immediately absorbing story than her previous books, being somewhat fractured in construction, and it concerns five women whose lives are violently and unexpectedly curtailed. Starting in chronological order (according to date), the fate of each woman reads like a short story. However, they are linked by a sixth woman, Celia, whose story continues throughout the book as she recalls the fates of the other five.

The first woman is called Charlotte and the time is 1952. Charlotte is a somewhat snobbish, rebellious schoolgirl who is expelled from her convent school. Arrogant, with a strong sense of her own identity, she gains admittance to Oxford through her own efforts. She is funny, intelligent and difficult. Despite an adolescent romance with a proletarian married teacher before going up, she is still paralysed with

shyness of Oxford men. Her effort to overcome her social disability brings about her undoing. Charlotte is interesting and enjoyable so I felt rather indignant with Caroline Lassalle for removing her when she was developing so nicely.

The same cannot be said for her second heroine, Eleanor, who is the least likeable of the women, being angry, sneering, patronizing in the modern sense, and passive. This story deals with domestic life and restricted horizons. Eleanor deems herself superior to the wives of her husband's colleagues. She is bored by her husband, by the life of a provincial university, and with looking after her baby. In consequence she falls into a domestic cliché and builds a romance out of very little substance between herself and a bachelor friend of her husband, the outcome of which leads to humiliation and devastation.

By the time we meet Laura it is 1962. This is the weakest story and is about an English girl working as a copy-writer for a large South African advertising agency. Laura has a political conscience and worries about

the effect of consumer advertisements on Africans. There is too much untransformed material about Third World advertising and the iniquities of apartheid put into her head which many readers will already have gleaned from articles in magazines and newspapers.

The other two stories, about a woman in a South African jail, and a London publishing editor who fatally juggles a squalid affair with an Irish poet with her marriage, are both excellent.

My reservation about *Breaking the Rules* is that it reads like several short stories cleverly linked by a neat conceit. It lacks a sense of inevitability but it does show Caroline Lassalle to be an intelligent and amusing writer.

A Shadow in the Weave, by Michael Humfrey, starts very promisingly. A slightly gloomy journalist, whose autocratic mother has just died, discovers diaries and letters from his unknown and estranged Aunt Victoria among his mother's effects. His family were for two generations white planters in the West Indies. His mother ran the estate

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Survey of London: Volume 42

Edited by Francis Sheppard and Hermione Hobhouse

The Athlone Press, £55

The new volume in this great long-running publishing venture provides a wonderfully detailed history and description of southern Kensington, by which is meant both the elegant area around Kensington Square, fashionable since William III set up a palace near by in the 17th century, and the more crowded buildings of Earls Court, in which bedsitters proliferate where once the market gardens grew. If this century has been the period of greatest people in-fill, it was the Victorian age that put up the buildings. Walk through Kensington today and it becomes quickly obvious that the district is essentially a Victorian creation.

The *Survey* traces the development meticulously. The construction of each road, street, place and gardens (many Kensington streets were named gardens, gates or villas), the sewers, the railways, the houses and shops are recorded and commented on, and so are their financing, their landlords and their changes of ownership. One of the most interesting chapters traces the growth of Kensington High Street, an integral part of which was the rise and decline of the three department stores—Barkers, Pontings and Derry & Toms—which once so dominated the south side of the street. Today only Barkers—in considerably shrunken form—survives, though the roof garden that was so proudly and famously constructed on the top

efficiently until shortly before the Second World War when, disliking the move for independence of the native West Indians, she moved to a dank house in Norfolk where she ended her days. All this is explained in the first two chapters. The character of the writer, his parents and grandparents are strongly realized and whet the appetite, but the main thrust of the story concerns the life of Victoria, his mother's younger sister, who is so illuminated with sweetness and goodness that she lacks any essential reality to make you believe in her.

Victoria is brought up lovingly by her sister and sent to a convent in France to be educated, where she toys with a vocation. Returning to the West Indies after the First World War, she scandalizes her sister and white society by marrying an educated half-caste.

The novel is best in the poetic sensibility and love it displays for the West Indies but its characters are too idealized to seem real. The opening chapters promised something more gritty than Michael Humfrey delivers.

of the Derry & Toms building in 1938 is still there.

This volume of the *Survey* is the last to be published by the GLC, who took over the responsibility from the LCC, but happily it will not be the last as the work is to be continued under the aegis of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. The work has been progressing quietly and efficiently for some 85 years, under a succession of imaginative editors, and we must hope that they will continue to be left to get on with it.

JAMES BISHOP

British Art Since 1900

by Frances Spalding

Thames and Hudson, £10.50

To give a concise, well-balanced, comprehensive, yet elegant and readable account of British art in this century is a hard task. Frances Spalding, biographer of Roger Fry and Vanessa Bell, has achieved it. If her even-handed yet crisp survey has a thesis, it is that an excessive critical preoccupation with modernism has downgraded individualists like Stanley Spencer who stand outside the main trends and movements. Here they and the ablest Royal Academicians receive their due, re-emerging in all their often quirky glory now that the *avant-garde* has dispersed into a myriad ephemeral fashions. The book thus becomes a celebration of British individualism set, with pride but no exaggerated claims, in the context of more spectacular and (let's face it) greater Continental and American achievements. Lavishly illustrated and well produced, it is also very good value.

ROGER BERTHOUD

Joining the Grown-Ups is an enjoyable debut by Christine Park. Josie, a Canadian teenager, comes to London to visit her mother, Silvia, who six years earlier had abandoned her family for Alison, a publisher. Now she and Alison live together and Silvia runs a literary agency. Josie does not intend to rock the boat. She simply wants to make sense of what happened. Her mother puts her to work in the agency and, under more pressure than Josie knows about, is coldly distant. All this works very well. Josie then takes comfort in the arms of Silvia's amiable womanizing partner Jeremy and in doing so opens up a can of worms.

The novel is divided into sections with different characters giving voice. The first part is the most compelling because you, like Josie, are trying to understand why everybody is behaving as they are. But, as it unravels, Silvia loses her mystery without developing very much. She is idealized into a shadow. Although the novel does not say anything original or profound about being a teenager, lover, lesbian or adulterer it is pleasantly entertaining.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- (1) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The father as spy makes a brilliant spy novel.
- (2) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith
Heinemann, £10.95
Up to standard in his usual exciting way.
- (5) **The Bourne Supremacy** by Robert Ludlum
Grafton Books, £10.95
Self-proclaimed masterpiece of a thriller.
- (6) **The Fisher King** by Anthony Powell
Heinemann, £9.95
New novel from an old master.
- (2) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Beguiling account of small-town USA.
- (3) **The Endless Game** by Bryan Forbes
Collins, £10.95
Frightening picture of a collapsing Britain.
- (—) **Cyclops** by Clive Cussler
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Murder under the sea.
- (—) **If Not Now, When?** by Primo Levi
Michael Joseph, £10.95
Marvellously balanced novel about occupied Poland during the Second World War.
- (4) **The Moth** by Catherine Cookson
Heinemann, £9.95
A master storyteller brings it off again.
- (—) **The News from Ireland and Other Stories** by William Trevor
Bodley Head, £8.95
Splendid examples of this writer's work.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- (1) **Lester: The Official Biography** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £12.95
Behind Piggott's official mask.
- (—) **Wisden Cricketers' Almanac: 1986**
edited by John Woodcock
Wisden/Gollancz, £14.50
The cricket fan's vade-mecum.
- (2) **Michelin Red Guide to France: 1986**
Michelin, £7.47
Do not set foot in that country without it.
- (—) **Wives of Fame** by Edna Healey
Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95
The women behind Livingstone, Marx, Darwin.
- (—) **The Triumph of Politics** by David Stockman
Bodley Head, £12.95
Disappointed Reagan henchman tells all—well, nearly all.
- (—) **The Biogenic Diet** by Leslie Kenton
Century Hutchinson, £9.95
How to remain youthful and healthy.
- (—) **Duff Cooper** by John Charmley
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95
Balanced biography of an interesting statesman-cum-writer.
- (—) **East Anglia** by Hammond Innes
Hodder & Stoughton, £16.95
Guide to an undervalued part of England.
- (—) **The Illustrated Garden Book** by Vita Sackville-West
Michael Joseph, £12.95
Selections from her intriguing *Observer* gardening articles.
- (4) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Century Hutchinson, £14.95
African autobiography by the Danish writer.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- (7) **Echoes** by Maeve Binchy
Coronet, £3.50
Ireland in the 1950s.
- (2) **A Dinner of Herbs** by Catherine Cookson
Corgi, £3.50
A tale of mid-19th-century Northern England.
- (1) **Riders** by Jilly Cooper
Corgi, £3.95
Jolly good riding saga!
- (5) **Money** by Martin Amis
Penguin, £2.95
Trendy novel by clever young writer.
- (4) **Absolute Beginners** by Colin MacInnes
Penguin, £2.50
Revival of the sparkling 1950s novel, now a major film.
- (3) **Proof** by Dick Francis
Pan, £2.50
Another past the winning line.
- (—) **Field of Blood** by Gerald Seymour
Fontana, £2.75
The awful reality of terrorism in Ulster.
- (—) **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer
Penguin, £3.50
A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.
- (—) **The Kingdom of the Wicked** by Anthony Burgess
Abacus, £3.95
Clever attempt at re-creating the first years of Christianity.
- (—) **Family Album** by Danielle Steel
Sphere, £2.95
The fortunes of the wealthy Thayer family from the Second World War until the present.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- (1) **The Food Aid Cookery Book** by Delia Smith & Terry Wogan
BBC, £3.95
- (2) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Penguin, £3.95
- (3) **E for Additives** by Maurice Hanssen
Thorsons, £2.95
You will soon be afraid to eat anything.
- (—) **Ageless Ageing** by Leslie Kenton
Arrow, £2.95
If you believe such a thing, you'll believe . . .
- (5) **What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School** by Mark McCormack
Fontana, £2.95
How to be a human being, probably!
- (4) **E for Additives Supermarket Shopping Guide** by Maurice Hanssen
Thorsons, £1.99
- (—) **Playfair Cricket Annual 1986**
edited by Bill Frindall
Queen Anne Press, £1.75
The poor man's Wisden.
- (—) **Wisden Cricketers' Almanac 1986**
Wisden/Gollancz, £12.50
- (—) **Food Combining for Health** by Doris Grant & Jean Joice
Thorsons, £5.95
Food can cure you as well as satisfy your hunger, it seems.
- (—) **Mountbatten** by Philip Ziegler
Fontana, £5.95
A major biography of a major figure.

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.



DRY SACK. ABOUT AS DRY AS WIMBLEDON.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

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Comfort from Claridges

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

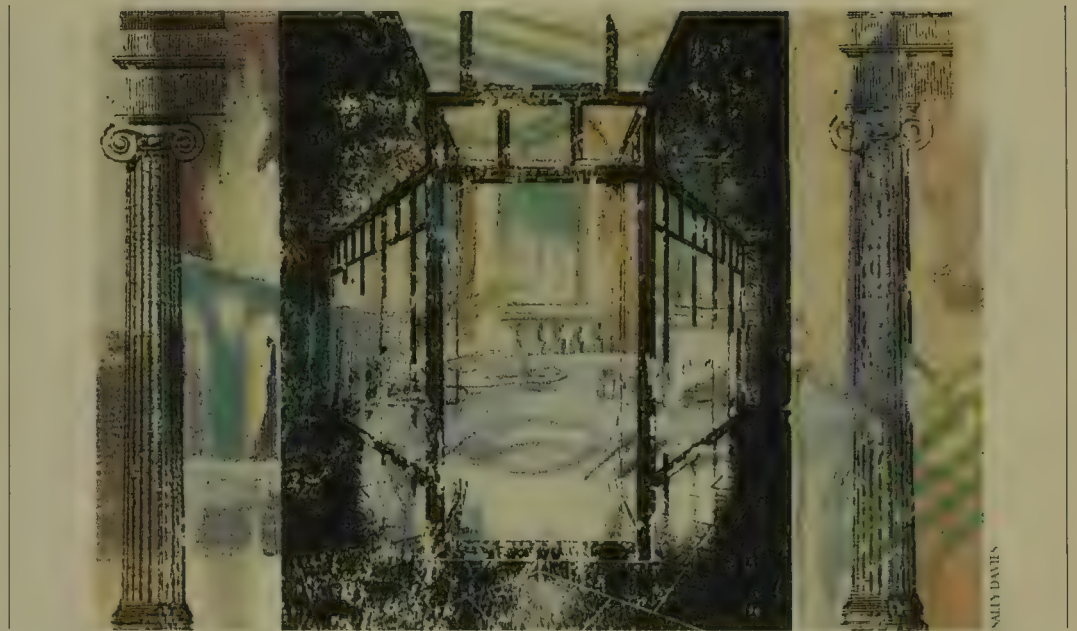
Among other things, I wrote last month about background music in restaurants, or rather about unwanted foreground music. You drink to music in the lounge at Claridge's too, but they understand these matters there. In the evening a pianist plays pleasantly dreamy selections in an unemphatic style and without amplification. If his repertoire takes you back, that of the Palm-Courtish trio in the middle of the day takes you further, perhaps too far, to such simpering stuff as "The Wedding of the Rose", which I imagine my old parents probably got quite enough of in their time. But the sound is light and placid, no hindrance to chitchat.

The drinks themselves I found to be excellent, though I might add by way of warning (or reassurance) that a large one really means a large one. I had a very good Gibson that for once was dry enough and an even better Old-Fashioned—a small one of those next time, I decided. But the star of this part of the show was undoubtedly something called a Framboise Royale, which is raspberry liqueur generously topped up with champagne, easy on the eye and described to me as tasting like very distinguished pop.

There are two places to eat at Claridge's, neither of them subject to the sound of music. The Restaurant proper is comfortable and spacious, not flashy and, when I dined there at least, containing nobody who seemed unduly dressed up, nor dressed down either, I hasten to add. I started with a vegetable pâté or paste entitled a Bavaroise which I eyed with weary foreboding. I have quite quickly learnt to distrust all attempts to turn cooking into a branch of the visual arts, and this article had the look of a hotel bathroom tile in one of the more affluent Eastern bloc cities. But it tasted absolutely fine, as did my saddle of lamb and my guest's vichyssoise and tournedos. The vegetables, though some way below perfection, came in substantial servings. Out-of-season fruit can be an expensive flop, but our raspberries and cherries were of the best.

The choice of dishes in general was reasonably limited and conservative, with none of that trendy "adventurousness" dear to food-writers with tired palates. The same good sense showed itself in the wine list. Instead of the often-seen, not-so-slim volume enumerating half the wines on earth, many of them costing as much, there is a first-class groundwork of varied wines in the £12 to £20 bracket with, at the same time, adequate provision for those whose wallets or expense-accounts permit them to aim higher. I did myself about as well as I ever reckon to do, barring the occasional blue moon, with a Château Haut-Brion 1976.

The other, smaller eatery within these walls is the Causerie, which has its own snug little adjoining alcove for pre-prandial drinks if you want to sequester yourself firmly from the music. The interior is not very roomy, even a bit on the cramped side, and I have never known it to be anything but full, full of people talking pretty hard, too. But not having gone there to ingratiate myself with anyone, or to pursue a philosophical discussion, I don't mind any of that, would in fact put up with a double dose for the sake of the rare and marvellous treat it offers. This is the smorgasbord or Scandinavian hors d'oeuvres; the Swedish



word means butter-geese-table, which will tell you all you need to know. You go up and help yourself, always a good idea with cold food.

Actually you will find neither butter nor goose, though elsewhere smorgasbord often comes in form of open sandwiches, and there is certainly a table involved. The dozens of dishes consist mainly of fish, herring for the most part, pickled or marinated in various ways, sometimes with a light curry sauce, but always mild and congenial, indeed delicious, in flavour, and a wide selection of salads, though salami and other sausages are also on offer and you expect to pick up a good sliver of clingy cheese. This time round I missed one or two old pals like thinly-sliced cold rare roast beef and the wonderful apple-and-beetroot mousse, and there was a shortage of the essential chopped onion. But there were goodies enough.

Any kind of wine is wasted on this kind of food. What goes with it to perfection is akvavit or aquavit or snaps or schnapps or Danish/Swedish clear spirit, served in ice-cold tots, and a cold beer chaser. Aalborg akvavit from Denmark and Carlsberg Special Brew are the best you are likely to

find in this country and probably the best anywhere. On this occasion I could get the first but not the second—"no demand" I was told amazingly—and settled for Carlsberg De Luxe, fine though not first-rate.

It is of course perfectly possible to open the proceedings with a small plate of smorgasbord and then go on to an orthodox main course. The Causerie makes it very tempting and enjoyable to do just that, and there are diverse orthodox starters too. (It also offers attractive pre-and post-theatrical suppers.) And looking round the room I could see nobody else drinking beer or, presumably, snaps. I deduced, without going as far as a tour of inspection, that I was the only luncher taking the full smorgasbord option. Not to make it starter and main dish in one in such circumstances, with perhaps a final pudding, strikes me as the moral equivalent of going to a good curry restaurant and ordering chicken and chips.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook St, London W1 (629 8860). Restaurant Mon-Sun 12.30-3pm, 7-11.30pm; about £60 for two. Causerie Sun-Fri noon-3pm, 6-11pm; about £45 for two.

SIMPLY STEAK

L'Entrecôte, Café de Paris

12 Upper St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 7272).

The first British franchise of the venerable Café de Paris in Geneva brings to London the much-vaunted Café de Paris sauce invented by the late Freddy Dumont in 1939. The no-nonsense menu offers steak, chips and salad for £6.90. The sauce, a secret mix of herbs, spices and butter, with anchovy, is brought bubbling around the steaks on a platter and placed on burners before you.

Apart from a fish option, served with the same sauce, the only other choices are among the desserts and from a

short, basic wine list with prices under £12.

The décor includes tiled floor, mahogany-finished panelling and bentwood chairs. Unlike Geneva, there are no racked newspapers for the single diner, salad is served before the meat—an American habit that makes no gastronomic sense—and the sauce tastes more strongly of anchovy. Notwithstanding, the London version is highly welcome. Mon-Sun 11.30am-2.30pm, 6.30pm-12.30am.

Smollensky's Balloon

1 Dover St, W1 (491 1199).

Michael Gottlieb, formerly with Chicago Pizza Pie Factory entrepreneur Bob Payton, now has 220 covers of his own on two airy basement floors opposite the Ritz. The décor is full of gimmicks,

but there is no disguising the scale of the project, with a £100,000 cooking extractor system above the open, central grilling area. Music is from a New York FM station; pipes and cigars are banned.

Once again, steak is the principal item on the menu. The choice, at £5.85 inclusive of French fries, is entrecôte, T-bone (£1.50 supplement), chopped and tartare, with a selection of six sauces of which their version of Café de Paris has 20 herbs and spices. The wine sauce, apparently, is available only within licensing hours! There is a short list of starters, vegetarian dishes and desserts, an extensive range of cocktails and half-a-dozen wines. Young and funky, with children's portions at reduced prices.

Mon-Sat noon-midnight, Sun noon-10.30pm.

ALEX FINER

Disgrace at Cliveden

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

For keen hotel-watchers, the opening of Cliveden in February as a hotel *de grand luxe* was the event of the year if not of the decade. It was not just the house's architectural importance or its notoriety in the annals of social history that captured the public's imagination. Neither was it concern at the National Trust leasing such a building to a hotel group (Blakeney Hotels). The chief reason was that from its opening this grand Buckinghamshire house became the most expensive hotel in Britain outside London.

The cheapest rooms, those facing the courtyard, cost £150 a night, bed and breakfast, and the prices rise steeply so that the finest suite will set you back £350. The five-course dinner is £35 a head. I do not agree with those who argue that such prices are unconscionable. If a hotel provides a unique experience, there is no reason why it should not charge what it can get, especially if the cost of mounting the show is enormous.

Obviously, at the prices being asked at Cliveden the visitor will expect perfection. Sadly, my impression—admittedly based on a one-night visit barely a month after the opening—was that it fell far short of it.

The location is glorious: the view from the great terrace across the splendidly maintained *parterre* to the Thames far below rivals what Louis XIV saw when he looked out of the window at Versailles. And inside, too, the place is once again spruce. You may not care for Victorian and Edwardian furnishings, but the restoration has been done with fidelity and panache. The pictures are all the original ones and the furniture, too, looks the part; none of that expensive repro stuff often found in reincarnated country house hotels.

I wish I could report that the management was as faultless as the bricks and mortar. Even before my wife and I arrived, Cliveden had created as bad an impression as a hotel could. I had booked by telephone, confirmed in writing and sent a deposit of £150. I then had a letter from the general manager sending me a registration card, peremptorily demanding to know my home and office address, passport number and date of issue. Why I should be sent this I cannot imagine. I never did return the card, was not asked for it on arrival nor was invited to sign a visitors' book.

The same ineptitude was shown at every turn. A guest service leaflet, which the manager had promised to

send me, was not yet available; no one told us about mealtimes or the hotel's amenities. There was a butler, a doorman, several footmen and chambermaids, but no sign at all of anyone in charge.

Tea (at £5 a head we discovered later) was being served in the imposing entrance hall when we arrived, but it was stewed and lukewarm. The service before and at dinner was deplorable: we waited 40 minutes in the drawing room before being offered a drink and another 40 minutes before our order was taken. No apology was offered. The white wine we had ordered for our first course turned up half-an-hour late in time for our second. All the diners were in the same slow boat. The couple at the next table were served their fish course twice over. Eventually, looking grim, they retired after the third course.

There was another big party in a separate room that night, and I imagined that the interminable delays and faulty service were because the staff were unusually overstretched. Not at all, I was assured: it was the same every night. I have never encountered a staff so disaffected with the management and so openly disloyal.

When we retired to bed, we reckoned that the hotel could have no more unpleasant surprises. We were wrong. Our room was intolerably hot, even on a cold blustery night with huge windows wide open and all blankets off. There was no visible means of heating control. We slept abominably. And when we came to pay our bill in the morning, it seemed inevitable that we should be overcharged, being debited with someone else's wine. We were also dismayed to find that there was an unmentioned surcharge "as a contribution to the National Trust". I am all in favour of that body, but no hotel has any business to impose such a charge without warning.

All new hotels have teething troubles, and many of the mishaps that occurred may be excused on these grounds. But Cliveden, with so much going for it, failed an acid test: at no point did we feel there was anyone around who cared about his guests' welfare. The only reason for writing about this faulty Rolls-Royce is that Cliveden, like no other British hotel, belongs to our heritage. I hate to think what impression it will make on overseas visitors.

Cliveden, near Maidenhead, Bucks SL6 0JS (06286 5069). Gardens are open daily, 11am-6pm, £1.50; house open Thurs & Sun 3-6pm, 60p plus £2 admission to grounds.

Burgeoning of Bordeaux

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

It never fails to amaze me that in France families who started businesses well before the Revolution still control them today. There is often a strange common denominator. Take the two biggest cognac houses, Martell and Hennessy. Both were founded in the 18th century; the first is still very much dominated by the Martell family, the latter, now part of the giant Moët-Hennessy empire, which embraces scent and fashion as well as the largest champagne house, has strong family connexions. In Bordeaux there are names like Barton (of Château Langoa and Léoville Barton), Lawton and Johnston. What they all have in common is that their founders were not French: the Martells came from the Channel Islands, the Hennessys, Lawtons and Bartons from Ireland, and the Johnstons from Scotland.

Nathl Johnston & Fils, still going strong—I recently sampled a big range of 1985 claret at their annual tasting in London, briefly reported below—were founded in 1734. William Johnston and his family left Scotland for exile in Ireland and finally settled in France. At first he acted as an agent on commission, but by the middle of the century had acquired substantial *chais*, wine warehouses, in Bordeaux. His wealth and success came from the exploitation of "New French claret", the result of a change of vinification developed principally at Château Margaux. The firm specialized in first growths, initially for the English market but, following the visit in 1787 by Thomas Jefferson, then United States Ambassador to France, started to think about the former colonies in America. Another useful connexion was Lafayette, aide-de-camp to George Washington, who had sailed from the port of Pauillac in the Gironde to encourage and support the North American revolutionaries; Johnston exploited this link during the difficult trading years of the Napoleonic wars. In the year before Waterloo they nonetheless shipped to Gledstones, their London agents, 100 hogsheads of *deuxième cru* 1811s, 200 of the 1812, and 50 of *premier cru* 1812s. The names of Lafite, Margaux, Latour, and the top seconds such as Rauzan and Léoville appeared more and more in their shipping invoices as the top-quality English trade resumed in the 1820s.

Nathaniel Johnston was on the advisory body which drew up the famous and still intact classification of 1855, and 10 years later the family bought two of these classed-growth properties, Ducru-Beaucaillou (now

owned and extremely well run by the Borie family) and Dauzac.

The firm's premises are on the Quai des Chartrons, Bordeaux, just as the traditional houses of the *négo-ciants* used to be; few are left. A narrow frontage with an arch through which brokers and customers enter, taking care to avoid *barriques* as they are rolled out, nowadays to parked lorries, but in times past right across the road on to the *quai* itself before being hauled on board ship. In the days of sail this must have been a marvellous sight. Their offices are across a short courtyard and up a flight of steps. In a panelled room, with a good view of everyone entering and leaving the premises, sit the partners. On my first visit there were three generations of Johnstons: the present head, Nathaniel, familiarly known to everyone in the trade as Natty, his father, now retired, and his son—representing the ninth generation. Despite wars, the slumps following oidium and phylloxera in the 1880s, the 1930s and the Bordeaux market collapse of 1974-75, the firm has survived and prospered due to what I believe is a combination of cumulative wisdom, financial prudence, reliability and dependable quality.

A word about the 1985 Bordeaux vintage. I shall be frank: I am a much more confident judge of old wines than young vintages. My old mentor Harry Waugh had an unerring gift of spotting winners (and losers) at the raw and purple stage. This May, when I tasted these 85s, they were still teeth-staining and tannic. On the other hand, some stunningly good wines did stand out. A real eye-opener was La Conseillante, a Pomerol château which, judging by the prices asked, always has great confidence in its own quality, and which over and over again seems justified even though it is still far less well known than many of its peers from the Médoc such as Ducru and Léoville-Las-Cases, and commands a fraction of the price of Pétrus.

Generally speaking I found the predictably reliable châteaux earned their reputation: Pichon Lalande, for example, Ducru, Haut-Batailly, Grand-Puy-Lacoste, and from Saint-Émilion, Canon. The latter two châteaux are, I think, insufficiently well known by the wine-buying public though appreciated by the trade. Among the surprises: Château Pavie, much fruitier and fleshier than its usual dry masculine self, and L'Arrosée, both sweet and spicy, as was Pape-Clément. And I also liked Labegorce-Zédé—what a name! ○

CHESS

Brilliance at Oakham

BY JOHN NUNN

Readers may recall my report on the 1984 Oakham School International, convincingly won by Niaz Murshed from Bangladesh. A second junior international was held in April of this year, largely due to the generosity of the Jerwood Foundation and the hospitality of Oakham School.

The Hungarian Csaba Horvath took an early lead and seemed to be coasting to victory when he was beaten by Anand of India in the penultimate round. This allowed Robert Kuczynski of Poland to take over the lead and in the last round a draw was enough to give him outright first place.

One player at Oakham particularly impressed me. Viswanathan Anand is just 16 years old and was giving away two or three years to most of the other players. He plays extraordinarily quickly and his excellent opening repertoire with White proved 100 per cent lethal. Had his intuitive style not occasionally led him into trouble with Black, he might well have won the tournament.

Leading scores (out of 9): Kuczynski (Poland) 6½, Condie (Scotland), Howell (England), Anand (India), Horvath (Hungary) 6, Marin (Rumania), Blatny (Czechoslovakia), Nikolic (Yugoslavia), Schulte (West Germany), Rojas (Chile), McDonald, Shovel, Wells, Waddingham (all England) 5½.

I awarded the brilliancy prize to the following game.

M. Condie **O. Schulte**
White Black

English Opening

1 N-KB3	N-KB3
2 P-B4	P-B4
3 N-B3	N-B3
4 P-Q4	PxP
5 NxP	P-K3
6 P-KN3	Q-N3
7 N-N3	N-K4

This was popular several years ago, but recently attention has shifted to 7...P-Q4.

8P-K4 B-N5

Like many variations in which Black takes it upon himself to assume an early initiative, the whole line stands or falls by his ability to keep the attack going. If Black starts to retreat he will be seriously handicapped by the imprisoned bishop at QB1.

9 Q-K2 P-QR4
10 B-N2?!

White can secure an advantage by 10 B-K3 Q-B3 11 B-Q2! followed by the manoeuvre N-Q4-QN5, gaining time by attacking Black's queen *en route*. Condie's move is not so good.

10 ...P-R5

11 N-Q2

Black should have an easy time now that the knight has been forced to retreat to the less active square Q2.

11

...P-R4?

Overambition. Simple development by 11...P-Q3 12 0-0 B-Q2 gives Black a comfortable position, for example 13 N-B3 NxNch 14 QxN B-B3 15 B-N5 N-Q2 16 Q-K2 0-0 with at least equality.

12 N-B3!

NxNch?

12...P-Q3 was better, when 13 B-B4 N-N3 14 B-K3 B-B4 15 BxB QxB 16 0-0 gives White chances to exploit the weakness of the Q3 pawn, but Black's problems are far less severe than in the game.

13 BxN

P-Q3

14 0-0

P-R5

15 P-K5

N-Q2



16 N-Q5!

The start of an attractive combination which exposes Black's king and wins at least a pawn.

16

...PxN

17 PxPch

K-B1

18 Q-K7ch

K-N1

19 BxP

N-B3

20 QxPch

K-R2

21 B-K4ch!

NxB

22 Q-R5ch

K-N1

23 Q-K8ch

K-R2

24 QxNch

P-N3

Or 24...K-N1 25 Q-Q5ch K-R2 26 P-Q7 and White finishes two pawns ahead.

25 Q-K7ch

K-N1

26 Q-K8ch

K-N2

27 P-Q7

PxP

28 Q-K5ch

K-B2

Giving up the rook amounts to resignation, but even 28...K-R2 (28...Q-B3 loses to the attractive 29 B-R6ch!, since 29...K-B2 30 BPxP pins the queen) 29 B-K3 (White can win by other methods, but this is the most conclusive) Q-R4 30 P-B5! (shutting the bishop off from the defence) BxQP 31 BPxP is hopeless as Black has no satisfactory defence to the threats of R-B7ch and Q-K7ch.

29 QxR

BxP

30 Q-R7ch

Resigns ○



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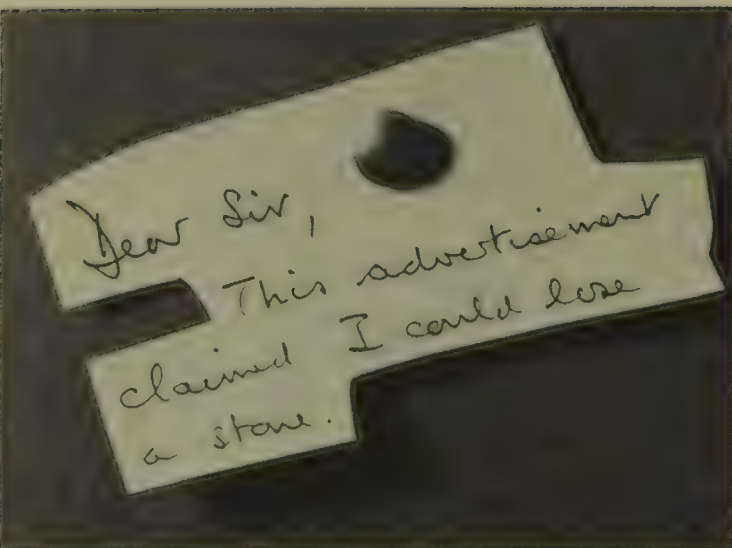
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BRIDGE

When systems break down

BY JACK MARX

Two sensible players who have formed a good working relationship as partners should not feel unduly distressed when confronted by a hand where their chosen system of bidding seems unable to cope with its customary efficiency. No system, however all-embracing or ingeniously contrived, can be expected to take care of all imaginable though not always predictable situations. Yet it does happen from time to time that quite a number of such hands are packed into a single session and then the faith of the partners in their system may begin to falter.

♠K Q 5 4 2 ♠A 10 8 6 3
West ♥A 7 3 2 ♥K 5 East
♦A 10 ♦K 7 6
♣A 2 ♣A 10 8

West dealt at Game All; North-South did not bid.

West 1♠ 2♥ 3NT No
East 2♣ 3♦ 4♣

East did not fancy his flat balanced hand for an all-out first-round forcing take-out, so he approached his problem by a series of short steps. Three Diamonds was a conventional "fourth-suit forcing" bid that did not promise diamonds but requested West to make his most naturally descriptive bid. Since East need not hold diamonds, West's Three No-trumps affirmed a definite diamond stopper. Although East's painstaking methodical treatment implied considerable strength, his next step to only Four Spades was perhaps rather too short. His hand had been quite an impressive one in the first place and every bid from West had progressively improved it. Five Spades at this point would not really have been too long a stride. The other side's East-West, using forcing double raises, had bid One Spade—Three Spades—Four Spades, thus attempting no detailed investigation that the hand really deserved.

♠K 8 6 ♠A 9 2
West ♥A K Q 7 4 ♥5 3 East
♦5 3 ♦10 4
♣A 6 4 ♣K Q 10 9 7 5

West 1♥ 2♠ No
East 2♣ 3♣

West could not find a normal second bid that did justice to his values. Neither a single raise to Three Clubs nor a simple rebid to Two Hearts seemed to reflect a top-card 16 points; a jump rebid to Three Hearts promised a six-card suit, and Two No-trumps, though the point-count was right, did not look attractive with only a small doubleton in an unbid suit. He fell back on a fancy reverse in spades, not risky with their safeguards, but none the less posing a problem for East. To raise a

secondary suit with only three cards was to be avoided, to show preference for hearts with only two was misleading, to bid a conventional "fourth-suit" of Three Diamonds was not well designed to get anywhere, and to bid no-trumps with nothing in diamonds was out of the question. Four Clubs seemed exaggerated, and so there was left only Three Clubs, not specifically discouraging according to the system but making no promises outside the suit.

West now feared there would be three losers in diamonds and spades, and there could well be more. But the luck continued to hold, the other East-West reaching a not unreasonable Four Hearts that failed on a five-one break. A plus score, even though much less than it might have been, was preferable to a minus, however unlucky.

North-South did not bid on the next hand, but at both tables they nevertheless baffled opponents.

♠8 5 3 Dealer West
♥A Q 9 7 Game All
♦5 3
♣K 10 9 7

♠4 ♠A K Q 6
♥K 8 5 4 ♥J 6 3 2
♦K 8 6 ♦A Q 7 4
♣A Q J 8 6 ♣2

♠J 10 9 7 2
♥10
♦J 10 9 2
♣5 4 3

West 1♣ 1♥ 3♦ 3NT 5♥
East 1♦ 2♠ 3♥ 4♥ No

Five Hearts specifically asked East if his trumps were good enough for a slam, but the question came too late. North held four hearts and had to make three of them. West hinted not too delicately that East might have passed Three No-trumps, but learned later with mixed feelings that bad breaks and slap-dash play had doomed this contract at the other table.

On the hand below, North had intervened with One Spade at both tables after West's vulnerable opening of One Club.

♠A ♠10 3 2
West ♥A 9 ♥Q 10 7 6 4 East
♦K Q 10 6 ♦A J 4
♣A 10 9 7 6 4 ♣K 5

This was the sequence at the first table:

West 1♣ 2♠ 3♦ 3♠ 6♣
East 2♥ 3♣ 3♥ 4♦ No

After West's Two Spade cue bid East was no longer a completely free agent, though West seemed not fully to realize this. Miraculously at the other table they muddled themselves even more disastrously into Four Hearts ○

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

○ Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★ **Antony & Cleopatra**

It is a pleasure to have a West End Shakespeare season from Toby Robertson's Theatr Clwyd. He & Christopher Selbie have directed their first play with some unaffected invention & Vanessa Redgrave, whose Cleopatra has developed during the last dozen years, & Timothy Dalton are amply in control. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

★ **Blithe Spirit**

Noël Coward's comedy, by now a modern classic, about an author's wives. Susan Hampshire plays the first one brought back, embarrassingly, from the dead by a remarkably happy medium (Marcia Warren); Joanna van Gyseghem is the second. The play wears very well & fortifies Coward's constant belief in it. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★ **Brighton Beach Memoirs**

Neil Simon's entirely sympathetic family comedy is set in Brooklyn & acted with attractive authenticity by Frances de la Tour, Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★ **La Cage aux Folles**

Based on a homosexual & transvestite farce set on the French Riviera, this is amusingly frivolous; score & lyrics are by Jerry Herman & libretto by Harvey Fierstein. Denis Quilley & George Hearn have the technique to carry it through. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 3737, cc).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

Charlie Girl

Paul Nicholas & Cyd Charisse head the cast in Harold Fielding's new production of the musical. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★ **Chess**

Although plot & score are less exciting than determined, librettist Tim Rice & Swedish composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together an often laudable, spectacular show which depends upon the imaginative direction of Trevor Nunn. Here, the chess game is a metaphor for political in-



Wayne Sleep in *Cabaret* as the Master of Ceremonies. Gillian Lynne's revival of the musical from Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* and John Van Druten's *I Am a Camera* is the first in London for 18 years.

fighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★★ **A Chorus of Disapproval**

Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted rapidly to a leading role in an amateur operatic production. Jim Norton is the diffident tyro & Colin Blakely the opera's director. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Circe & Bravo

Set at Camp David in the 1980s, this verbosely self-indulgent play by Donald Freed has Faye Dunaway in full cry as a First Lady under house arrest for her way with nuclear secrets, & Stephen Jenn as her Secret Service guard. Harold Pinter directs. Until July 12.

Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

★ **Dalliance**

Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebele!*, set in late 19th-century Vienna. Lyttelton. REVIEW ON P66.

Deadly Nightcap

New thriller by Francis Durbridge, with Nyree Dawn Porter, Peter Byrne & Dermot Walsh. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

Double Double

Roger Rees & Jane Lapotaire in a romantic mystery, written by Rees himself. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

The Entertainer

In this revival of John Osborne's play about the domestic trials of a music-hall family in the year of Suez, 1956, Peter Bowles is not entirely at ease as the battling comedian;

Frank Middlemass is admirably right as the veteran father. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

Every Man in his Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed delightfully by John Caird on the apron stage of the Swan, with Pete Postlethwaite as Captain Bobadill & Henry Goodman as Kitley. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★ **Lend Me a Tenor**

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense; Denis Lawson is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*, & Ronald Holgate is the star who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

★ **Les Liaisons Dangereuses**

For the RSC Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late 18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★ **Love for Love**

Peter Wood returns to Congreve's comedy after 20 years. The narrative is fortified by a re-creation of the atmospheric Lila de Nobili settings, & by a superb Restoration performance by Michael Bryant as Sir Sampson Legend. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

Made in Bangkok

Dramatist Anthony Minghella has imagined a group of English tourists let loose among the dreary pleasures (& the local working conditions) of Bangkok. The play is acted with razor-sharpness by such performers as Felicity Kendal & Peter McNery. Until July 12. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

★ **Mephisto**

Klaus Mann's theatrical novel comes formidably to the stage in its evocation of the tragic rise of the Nazis. Alan Rickman leads a fine cast; but the honours are for the RSC director, Adrian Noble, & his unflinching, imaginative control. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s may be an acquired taste; nevertheless the director (Bill Alexander) & cast are entirely professional about it. Barbican. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bernard Bresslaw plays Bottom in David Conville's revival of Shakespeare's comedy. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

★ **Les Misérables**

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & an intricately spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

➡➡

THEATRE continued

★ A Month of Sundays

Bob Larbey's play, set in a rest home for the elderly, relies almost entirely on its leading man, George Cole, who is never off stage & carries the occasion with an engaging, sympathetic irony. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc 240 9648).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★ Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour, may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

The Normal Heart

Larry Kramer's play, though it has a tragic final scene, is really less concerned with the plague of AIDS than with homosexuality in New York. It is well contrived & acted; Tom Hulse, especially, helps it to move at an urgent rate. Until July 26. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Pravda

Though Howard Brenton's & David Hare's "Fleet Street comedy" is no miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

Real Dreams

Adapted from an American story set in 1969, Trevor Griffiths's play about the idealism of an inept group of student revolutionaries is spoiled by the repetitive ugliness of its expletive-ridden dialogue. The cast, directed by Ron Daniels, is generally gallant. The Pit.

★ The Road to Mecca

Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Until July 19. Cottesloe. REVIEWED APR, 1985.

Romeo & Juliet

Sarah Woodward's intelligent & pictorial Juliet is at the core of a sometimes over-complicated revival by Declan Donnellan put forward to the early 20th century. The Romeo (Ralph Fiennes) has plenty of matching vigour. Open Air Theatre.

Romeo & Juliet

The scene is Verona, 1986; Michael Bogdanov, who directs, seems to be less excited by Shakespearian verse than by motorbikes. Niamh Cusack does suggest Juliet's passion; Romeo (Sean Bean) is more self-conscious; Mercutio (Michael Kitchen) has a luckless time with the Queen Mab speech. Much superfluous decoration. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Ross

Terence Rattigan's play did seem more surprising 25 years ago. Still, we should recognize his craft as a dramatic architect in seeking to tell, within a malarial dream, the story of that histrionic introvert, T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, acted now with some distinction by Simon Ward in a production by Roger Redfarn. Until July 12. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

★ Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audi-

ence responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

The Taming of the Shrew

Vanessa Redgrave is Katharina, with Timothy Dalton as Petruchio in Shakespeare's comedy. Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

The Threepenny Opera

Even so inventive a director as Peter Wood cannot prevent this revival of the Brecht-Weill view of *The Beggar's Opera* from appearing curiously empty. There is always Weill's music; but that has to fight with Brecht's thoroughly dismal libretto, something with which such players as Tim Curry (Mack the Knife), Stephen Moore & Sara Kestelman cannot do very much. Olivier.

Time

This ambitious musical, like a noisy course in engineering & electronics, is a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

Troilus & Cressida

Why this should be set in a battered mansion at the time of the Crimean War has to be the director's secret. The treatment does no good at all to a play now often indifferently spoken, though Peter Jeffrey can cope with the great verse of Ulysses. Barbican.

★★ Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the new Stratford theatre, with its Jacobean "promontory" stage, for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★★ When We Are Married

An astonishingly expert cast for Ronald Eyre's revival of Priestley's comedy; a precise & extremely funny picture of legendary regional life. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

Yonadab

An elaborate Peter Hall production of Peter Shaffer's narrative from the Second Book of

Samuel, with Patrick Stewart, Leigh Lawson & Wendy Morgan. Olivier. REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

★ The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes, & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

The Art of Success

Nick Dear's comedy, directed by Adrian Noble, explores the character of the 18th-century artist William Hogarth (played by Michael Kitchen). Opens July 9. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Cabaret

Gillian Lynne has directed & choreographed this revival, with Wayne Sleep & Kelly Hunter. Opens July 17. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 836 5190).

The Danton Affair

Ron Daniels directs Pam Gems's play, with Brian Cox as Danton & Ian McDiarmid as Robespierre. Opens July 15. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The Gambler

Peter Brewis (who is in the band), Mel Smith & Bob Goody (in the cast) have written this piece which transfers from Hampstead & should be a dreadful warning to gamblers. Opens July 2. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2378, cc 839 1438).

I'm Not Rappaport

Paul Scofield & Howard Rollins as two old men sharing a park bench in Herb Gardner's play. Opens July 3. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

Jacobowsky & the Colonel

In Franz Werfel's comedy, Nigel Hawthorne plays a Polish colonel escaping from the Nazis in occupied France. Jonathan Lynn directs. Opens July 22. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Metamorphosis

Stephen Berkoff directs his own adaptation of Kafka's story. July 7-Aug 16. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's new production of Shakespeare's comedy, with Pete Postlethwaite as

Bottom, Gerard Murphy as Oberon & Nicholas Woodeson as Puck. Opens July 8. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Neaptide

Sarah Daniels's play about mothers trying to bring up their daughters in contemporary England won the 1983 George Devine Award. Opens July 2. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Petition

John Mills & Rosemary Harris in a new play by Brian Clark about a 50-year-old marriage which has survived against the odds. Peter Hall directs. Opens July 30. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Rover

A 17th-century comedy by Mrs Aphra Behn, the first female professional playwright. With Jeremy Irons, Sinead Cusack & Hugh Quarshie. Opens July 10. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Side By Side By Sondheim

Tenth anniversary revival of the show celebrating the works of Stephen Sondheim, with Tim Flavin, Diane Langton, David Kernan & Angela Richards. July 11-Aug 24. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

★ After Hours (15)

Martin Scorsese's direction has a confident touch in this black comedy by Joseph Minion in which a bored young man becomes interested in a strange girl in a restaurant & has a series of nightmarish experiences. Griffin Dunne, Rosanna Arquette, Teri Garr & John Heard are outstanding in a cast of odd-ball, lonely night-people.

La Cage aux Folles III (15)

Further adventures for Renato & Albin (Ugo Tognazzi & Michel Serrault), whose St Tropez nightclub has run up vast debts, when Albin learns he is heir to a Scottish fortune. Opens July 4. Cannons, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148), Piccadilly, W1 (437 3561), Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc).

★ The Color Purple (15)

Whoopi Goldberg (picture on p78) heads the cast in Steven Spielberg's film. Opens July 11. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc). REVIEW ON P65. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

Delta Force (15)

Chuck Norris & Lee Marvin play members of a Special Services group who attempt to end the hijack of an Israeli plane. Directed by Menahem Golan.

The Doctor & the Devils (15)

Ronald Harwood has adapted a screenplay by Dylan Thomas about the 19th-century grave-robbers Burke & Hare. The director, Freddie Francis, has a fine cast: Jonathan Pryce & Stephen Rea as the gruesome thieves, Timothy Dalton, Twiggy, Phyllis Logan, Siân Phillips & Beryl Reid. The style is reminiscent of his celebrated Hammer horrors.

★ Down & Out in Beverly Hills (15)

Paul Mazursky's observant, entertaining & enjoyable film features Nick Nolte as a tramp who is taken up by a *nouveau riche* ➡➡



Bob Goody, Paul Brown, Mel Smith and Philip Davis bring *The Gambler to the West* End on July 2—a comedy with a dreadful warning.

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CINEMA continued

Hollywood couple, played by Richard Dreyfuss & Bette Midler. REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

Enemy Mine (15)

In Wolfgang Petersen's ambitious film, men a century hence are engaged in fighting extraterrestrials on a hostile planet far from Earth. Dennis Quaid is an American pilot marooned with a Drac, played by Louis Gossett Jr. The two, needing each other for survival, develop an accord. Opens July 11. Cannons, Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310); Odeon, Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011).

Fool for Love (15)

Sam Shepard has adapted his tense, award-winning play about stormy love in a Mojave desert motel. Flashbacks combine with the present under Robert Altman's quirky direction. With Shepard & Kim Basinger as the fiery couple, & a gnomish Harry Dean Stanton. Opens July 4. Cannons, Tottenham Court Rd, Chelsea; Electric Screen, 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (229 3694); Premiere, Swiss Centre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 4470).

★★ Hannah & Her Sisters (15)

Woody Allen has written & directed this film, starring Mia Farrow, Michael Caine & Allen himself. Opens July 18. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, CC 839 1929). REVIEW ON P65.

★ He Died with his Eyes Open (18)

In Jacques Deray's dark, fine-textured film, from Derek Raymond's *On ne meurt que deux fois*, Michel Serrault is excellent as a police inspector identifying with the victim in his quest for the killer of a concert pianist who deserted his wife for a mistress (played by the stunning Charlotte Rampling).



Whoopi Goldberg's film debut as Celie in Steven Spielberg's *The Color Purple*, opening on July 11.

House (15)

William Katt plays a fantasy novelist whose small son has mysteriously disappeared, setting in train a marital breakup. He inherits a Gothic house where he has bizarre occult experiences. The film, directed by Steve Miner, is better than the usual horror movie, displaying occasional flashes of wit.

Lady Jane (PG)

Helena Bonham-Carter plays the ill-fated

Lady Jane Grey, the nine-day queen, in Trevor Nunn's lengthy film. Cary Elwes plays her husband, Dudley.

Lamb (15)

Colin Gregg's film of Bernard McLaverty's novel in which a distraught priest abducts a 10-year-old epileptic boy from an Irish approved school to save him from the callous brutality of its principal. Liam Neeson, Hugh O'Connor & Ian Bannen deliver excellent per-

formances but the film, like its fugitives, has nowhere to go.

The Money Pit (PG)

Richard Benjamin directs a frenetic update of the old Cary Grant movie *Mr Blandings Builds His Dream House*. Tom Hanks & Shelley Long, offered a Long Island mansion for next to nothing, discover the reason the hard way as walls, floors & roofs collapse & rapacious builders hold them to ransom. There is more slapstick than we expect these days. Opens June 27. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

Murphy's Romance (15)

Romantic comedy, directed by Martin Ritt, with Sally Field as a divorcee who takes over a ranch with her 12-year-old son.

★ Police (15)

In Maurice Pialat's intricate thriller Gérard Depardieu is as excellent as ever as a fierce detective who falls in love with a girl he has thrown in gaol. His world is that of drug rings, whores, pimps & shady lawyers. The girl is superbly played by Sophie Marceau & the film is a fascinating study of ambiguous relationships.

Runaway Train (15)

Andrei Konchalovsky's film is about two convicts, one manic & dangerous (Jon Voight), the other moronic (Eric Roberts) who, in their escape from an Alaskan penitentiary, get trapped in the cab of an out-of-control locomotive racing to its doom across endless frozen wastes. Heavy symbolism threatens to overwhelm simple melodrama.

★ Sid & Nancy (18)

Alex Cox's film about the short, tragic life of Sid Vicious, leader of the Sex Pistols pop group, who died of a drug overdose while

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awaiting trial for the murder of his girlfriend in New York, is masterly & a powerful social document. Two hours in the company of this puking, cursing, iconoclastic yobbo requires stamina, but it is worth it. He is brilliantly & believably played by Gary Oldman. Opens July 24. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (221 0220); Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

Static (15)

Mark Romanek's satire about a small-town boy (Keith Gordon) who has perfected an invention to make everybody happy, fails to develop a strong enough edge & ends as flatly as it begins.

★★ The Trip to Bountiful (U)

In a brilliant cinema performance Geraldine Page plays an elderly lady who revisits her childhood home in the abandoned village of Bountiful. Peter Masterson's film is a gentle pilgrimage; he is served well by his cast including Carlin Glynn, John Heard & Rebecca DeMornay. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

A Woman or Two (15)

Daniel Vigne's new comedy stars Gérard Depardieu as an anthropologist who discovers the skeleton of the earliest woman. Sigourney Weaver plays a Madison Avenue executive who uses his reconstruction of the woman in a perfume promotion. The premise of the film is too slender & half-baked to work &, in spite of agreeable performances by the principals, it fails.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. July 18-Sept 13.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir, London Symphony Chorus, Tiffin School Boys' Choir. Lorin Maazel opens the season with Mahler's Symphony No 8, the Symphony of a Thousand. July 18, 7.30pm.

Taverner Players & Consort, BBC Singers. Andrew Parrott conducts a reconstruction of the Florentine Intermedi of 1589, written by various composers to frame the acts of Bargagli's play *La pellegrina*, a grand spectacle mounted for the wedding of Ferdinando de Medici & Christine of Lorraine. July 19, 7.30pm.

Early Opera Project. Roger Norrington directs a staged performance of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, in a version which aims to be faithful to 17th-century musical & stage styles. July 20, 7.30pm.

BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Bernhard Klee conducts Berg's Violin Concerto, with Edith Peinemann as soloist, & Bruckner's Symphony No 9. July 22, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Collegium Musicum of London, Brighton Festival Chorus. André Previn conducts English music: Vaughan Williams's Symphony No 5 & Walton's Belshazzar's Feast, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. July 23, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts the UK premiere of Henze's Symphony No 7, Webern's Passacaglia & Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Henryk Szeryng as soloist. July 25, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Pierre Boulez conducts his own Figures-Doubles-Prismes, Debussy's Jeux & Stravinsky's The Nightingale. July 26, 7.30pm.

London Sinfonietta. Andrew Davis conducts works by Stravinsky, Dallapiccola, Tippett, Henze. July 29, 7.30pm.

Liszt commemoration. Two concerts marking the Liszt centenary. Simon Preston plays organ works. The London Symphony Orchestra under James Conlon play orchestral music. July 31, 6pm & 8pm.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

English Chamber Orchestra. Philip Ledger conducts two concerts. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No 3, Vivaldi's Four Seasons & Haydn's Cello Concerto in C, with Julian Lloyd Webber as soloist. July 2, 7.45pm. An all-Mozart programme with Vovka Ashkenazy as soloist in the Piano Concerto No 21. July 29, 7.45pm.

London Concert Orchestra, London Choral. David Coleman conducts favourite arias & duets from Puccini, with Eirian Davis, soprano, Adrian Martin, Rowland Sidwell, tenors, Henry Newman, baritone. July 3, 7.45pm.

Daily Mail/LSO Summer Pops. Eleven concerts conducted by John Dankworth & Carl Davis featuring popular classics, music from films & shows, big band music, jazz & an operatic evening with Hinge & Bracket. July 8-12, 18-22.

Carl Flesch International Violin Competition. The six finalists play a Mozart concerto with the London Mozart Players under Jane Glover. July 15, 6.30pm. They play a concerto by another composer with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under James Loughran. July 16, 17, 6.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Nicholas Cleobury conducts excerpts from operas by Rossini, Verdi, Mozart & Gounod, with Thomas Allen, baritone. July 27, 7.30pm.

Stuart Burrows sings with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Barry Wordsworth. July 30, 7.45pm.

CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

Box office: St Paul's Churchyard, EC4 (236 2801, cc). July 6-18.

A wide range of music from early & baroque to jazz, performed in some of the City's historic buildings & churches.

London Early Music Group give five recitals of music from the reigns of Elizabeth I to George II in five different City churches. July 7-11, 1.05pm.

Earl Wild, piano. Five recitals marking the centenary of the death of Liszt by the distinguished American pianist in the newly renovated Bishopsgate Hall. July 14-18, 1.05pm.

Vladimir Mikulka, guitar; **Patrick Gallois,** flute; **Eva Graubin,** violin. Five recitals by the young Czech guitarist in the church of St Mary-le-Bow. July 14-18, 1.05pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Nash Ensemble, London Symphony Chorus. Meredith Davies conducts Britten's War Requiem, to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the composer's death, in St Paul's Cathedral. July 9, 8pm.

Other orchestras & chamber groups taking

part include the English Chamber Orchestra, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, London Sinfonietta, Koenig Ensemble, Medici, Lindsay, Chilingirian, & Bochmann String Quartets & the Borodin Trio.

FESTIVAL HALL

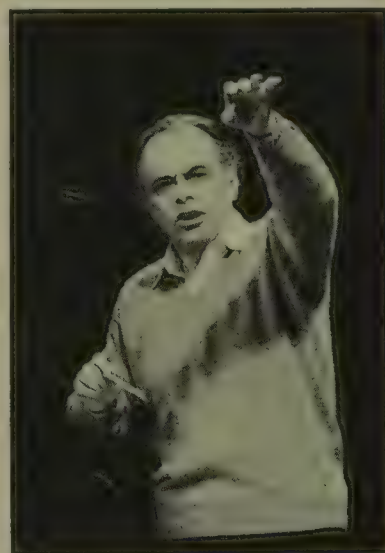
South Bank, SE1 (928 3161, cc 928 8800).

London Mozart Players, London Choral Society. Jane Glover conducts The Seasons by Haydn, sung in German, with Elizabeth Gale, soprano, Maldwyn Davies, tenor, Stephen Roberts, baritone. July 2, 7.30pm.

Nathan Milstein, violin, **Georges Pludermacher,** piano. Music by Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Bloch, Prokofiev, Smetana. July 3, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts Respighi's Pines of Rome & A Faust Symphony by Liszt. July 6, 7.30pm.

National Festival of Music for Youth. More than 5,000 young musicians perform in school & youth orchestras, brass & wind bands, jazz & big bands, choirs & chamber music groups. Also in the Queen Elizabeth Hall & Purcell Room. July 9-12.



Lorin Maazel conducts Mahler at the first night of the Proms, July 18.

London Symphony Orchestra. Jorge Rubio conducts works by Ravel, Rodrigo, Falla, Bizet. July 20, 7.30pm.

John Vallier, piano. Music by Schumann, Chopin, Liszt. July 22, 7.30pm.

European Music Festival: The National Opera Orchestra of Warsaw, Malcolm Sargent Festival Choir & Philadelphia Choral Arts Society under Robert Satanowski perform A Sea Symphony by Vaughan Williams & Beethoven's Choral Symphony. July 23, 7.30pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Paata Burchuladze, bass, **Ludmila Ivanova,** piano. The Georgian bass sings Russian songs & arias, predominantly by Tchaikovsky. July 6, 8pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Wendy Burger, soprano, **Maggie Cole,** piano. On the eve of Independence Day, songs by the American composers Foster, Copland, Barber, Weill, Gershwin, Porter. July 3, 1.15pm.

Tamas Vásáry, Peter Frankl, piano duet. Schubert's Grand Duo in C. July 7, 1pm.

Nash Ensemble. First performance of Lipkin's Wind Quintet & Rimsky-Korsakov's Quintet for piano & wind. July 14, 1pm.

Elizabeth Wilson, cello, **Andrew Ball,** piano. Russian music, including Rachmaninov, Stravinsky & Shostakovich. July 17, 1.15pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free, leaving collection.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Kenneth Sillito conducts music by Rossini, Pergolesi, Bach, Schubert, Beethoven. July 8, 8.30pm. He conducts the chamber ensemble in Mozart & Schubert. July 9, 8.30pm. Iona Brown conducts two concerts, comprising works by Corelli, Vivaldi, Bach, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn. July 10, 12, 8.30pm. All four concerts by candlelight. Laszlo Heltay conducts Schubert's Rondo for violin & strings, & Mass No 6. July 11, 8.30pm.

FESTIVALS

July is the peak of the festival season. The following is a list of the month's main attractions out of town. For major London festivals see music listings.

Buxton. July 19-Aug 10. "The Arthurian Legend" sets the theme for opera (see p80), concerts & recitals, theatre, dramatized readings, jazz & talks. Tel: 0298 71010.

Cambridge. July 19-Aug 2. Hungarian theme with composers such as Bartók & Kodály, & Liszt whose two oratorios *Christus & Legend of Saint Elizabeth* are being played to mark the centenary of the composer's death. Tel: 0223 357851.

Cheltenham. July 5-20. Fifty-eight events over 16 days in this 42nd international festival. Features music & musicians from the west coast of America. Contemporary British music. Tel: 0242 521621.

Chester Summer Music. July 18-26. Orchestral concerts in the cathedral by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra (19), Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra (26), Nash Ensemble (18) & Borodin Trio (25); cello recital by Paul Tortelier (23). Tel: 0244 40392.

Chichester. July 5-19. Concerts every night in the 12th-century cathedral. Performers include the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields (7 & 14) & John Williams (9). Real ale & jazz. Tel: 0243 780192.

Harrogate. July 31-Aug 13. Art exhibitions on the theme of colour: paintings by Carlos Nadal at Duncalfe Antiques, & watercolours from the Witt collection at Sotheby's. Musicians include Kyung-Wha Chung, Thomas Allen & Jeffrey Tate. Tel: 0423 65757.

Henley. July 9-12. Rita Hunter, soprano, & Mario Malignini, tenor, with the Philharmonic Orchestra (10), the City of London Sinfonia (9) & the Scottish Chamber Orchestra (12) are among performers on the floating stage. Tel: 0491 575751/575834.

King's Lynn. July 25-Aug 2. Music between 1790 & 1830, from the 20th birthday of Beethoven to the 20th birthday of Chopin. English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Jeffrey Tate (25), Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Colin Davis (Aug 2). Tel: 0553 773578.

Newcastle Maritime. July 7-27. Tall ships move off from the Tyne on July 19 to start the first leg of the Cutty Sark race. Exhibitions: boats & crafts, artists & the sea. Concerts, theatre, sea shanty festival & boat races. Tel: 0632 324744. Tall ships information: 0632 328520.

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FESTIVALS continued

Norwich. July 3-6. Organ recitals & choirs in the cathedral. Tel: 0603 626290.

Richmond. July 11-20. Events for all the family including riverside entertainment & boat procession (20). Tel: 892 5816.

Southern Cathedrals. July 24-27. Choirs of Chichester, Salisbury & Winchester sing in Chichester cathedral. Information by post from the Booking Office, Southern Cathedrals Festival, The Royal Chantry, Cathedral Cloisters, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 1PX.

York Early Music. July 4-13. "Musica Transalpina" features music written & performed in England & Italy between 1500 & 1700. Information: 0904 58338/645738; box office, 0904 22122.

OPERA

BUXTON FESTIVAL

Opera House, Buxton, Derbys (0298 71010, cc 0298 78939). July 19-Aug 10.

King Arthur. Purcell's opera with a text by Dryden, produced by Malcolm Fraser, designed by Fay Conway, conducted by Anthony Hose. July 24, 26, 30. Aug 1, 6, 8.

Ariodante. Handel's opera produced by Ian Judge, designed by Gerard Howland, conducted by Anthony Hose. July 31, Aug 2, 7, 9.

ENGLISH BACH FESTIVAL

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Teseo. Handel's opera conducted by Nicholas Cleobury, in a production by Tom Hawkes. Designed by Terence Emery, with Sandra Dugdale & Marilyn Hill Smith. July 2, 4, 5.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Until Aug 15.

★ **Simon Boccanegra.** New production by Peter Hall. June 27, 29, July 2, 6, 9, 11. REVIEW ON P67.

L'incoronazione di Poppea. Revival of Peter Hall's production, with Maria Ewing again singing the title role & Neil Wilson as Nerone. Richard Bradshaw conducts. June 28, July 4, 12, 17, 21, 24, 27, 31.

Porgy & Bess. Simon Rattle conducts, Trevor Nunn directs & the cast is headed by Willard White as Porgy & Cynthia Haymon as Bess. July 5, 10, 13, 15, 19, 23, 26, 29.

Don Giovanni. Andrew Davis conducts this revival of one of Peter Hall's perceptive Mozart productions, with Richard Stilwell in the title role, Richard Van Allen as Leporello, Carol Vaness/Edith Wiens as Anna, Felicity Lott as Elvira. July 20, 22, 25, 28, 30.

OPERA NORTH

Theatre Royal, York (0904 23568, cc). July 1-5.

Faust. Ian Judge's production with Valerie Masterson as Marguerite, Jerome Pruett as Faust, John Tomlinson as Méphistophélès. Sung in French.

The Rake's Progress. Anthony Rolfe-Johnson sings Tom Rakewell, with William Shimell as Nick Shadow & Jane Leslie MacKenzie as Anne Trulove.

Don Giovanni. David Lloyd-Jones conducts, Peter Savidge sings the title role. Three operas on the theme of licence & retribution.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Fidelio. Colin Davis's choice to mark the end of his term of office as Music Director. New production by Andrei Serban, designed by Sally Jacobs, with Elizabeth Connell as Leo-

nore, James King as Florestan, Gwynne Howell as Rocco. July 2, 5, 8, 11, 15, 19 (prom performance).

A Midsummer Night's Dream. New production by Christopher Renshaw, with a cast that includes James Bowman as Oberon, Lillian Watson as Tytania, Jonathan Summers as Demetrius, Felicity Lott as Helena, & Stafford Dean as Bottom. July 4, 7, 10.

Così fan tutte. With Karita Mattila & Anne Sofie von Otter as Fiordiligi & Dorabella, John Aler & William Shimell as Ferrando & Guglielmo. July 12, 14, 16, 18.

Season ends on July 19.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Astra Theatre, Llandudno, Gwynedd (0492 76666). July 1-5.

★★ **Otello.** Last performances of one of WNO's finest productions. REVIEWED APR, 1986.

The Barber of Seville. Mark Holland sings the title role, with Della Jones as Rosina & Peter Bronder as Almaviva.

Wozzeck. Richard Armstrong conducts Liviu Ciulei's new production, with Phillip Joll as Wozzeck & Eiddwen Harrihy as Marie.

BALLET

BOLSHOI BALLET

Royal Dublin Society, Simonscourt, Dublin (Dublin 680645/786275/747733, cc).

Programme of divertissements to include Act II of *Spartacus*. July 17-19.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. (240 1066/1911, cc).

Ivan the Terrible. July 22 (royal charity première), 24, 26 (m & e), 28.

Raymonda. July 23, 25, 29, Aug 1, 8.

The Golden Age. July 30, 31, Aug 2 (m & e), 4, 5.

Spartacus. Aug 6, 7 (m & e), 9 (m & e).

FEATURED ON P41.

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 379 6212).

Four programmes, to include five works new to London: Billy Wilson's *Concerto in F*, Domy Reiter-Soffer's *Equus*, George Balanchine's *Stars & Stripes*, Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free* & Glen Tetley's *Voluntaries*. July 1-12.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Romeo & Juliet, Ashton's version. July 14, 15.

Onegin, royal gala performance of John Cranko's ballet, with Natalia Makarova guesting as Tatiana. July 16.

Triple bill: *La Bayadère* Act III: première of new ballet by Christopher Bruce; Balanchine's *Symphony in C*. July 18, 19 (m & e).

Triple Bill: *La Bayadère*; Roland Petit's *Carmen*, London première with Alessandra Ferri guesting as Carmen, partnered by Peter Schaufuss, on July 21; *Symphony in C*. July 21, 22.

La Sylphide, July 23, 24.

Triple bill: Paul Taylor's *Aureole*; Petit's *Carmen* (Ferri guests with Schaufuss July 25, 26 (evening); *Etudes*. July 25, 26 (m & e). Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3161, cc 928 8800).

Giselle. July 28-Aug 1, Aug 2 (m & e).

Romeo & Juliet. Aug 4-8, 9 (m & e).

Coppélia. Aug 11-15, 16 (m & e).

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Triple bill: *Les Patineurs*, Ashton's delightful commentary on skaters, rich in humour & virtuosity; *Return to the Strange Land*, Jiri Kylian's mysterious & moving ballet danced to music by Janáček; *The Dream*, Ashton translates Shakespeare's midsummer comedy into dance. July 1.

Giselle, in Peter Wright's new production. July 3.

GALLERIES

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176).

From Claude to Delacroix. Top-notch French paintings & drawings: an early Claude, a Le Nain, two superb Vernets lent by the Duke of Northumberland, a fine portrait by Largillière & a splendid drawing by Watteau. Until July 23.

Old Master Prints. Not all great artists made prints, but when they did, these are usually their most accessible works financially. The menu includes Dürer, Stefano della Bella & Castiglione. At Agnew's Albemarle Street Gallery, until July 25.

Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 6.30pm.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Cecil Beaton—First Major Retrospective. A very grandiose celebration of (dare one whisper it?) a fairly minor talent, with more than 700 items (600 photographs) in 20 specially designed settings. Until July 20. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm.

PETER BIDDULPH

35 St George St, W1 (491 8621).

The Forbidden Library. Erotic illustration from the 18th century to the present day, some of which, the gallery warns, may cause offence. Nearly 600 of the exhibits are for sale. Until July 18. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993).

Summer Show. Contemporary work including a special collection of ceramics designed by Jacqueline Poncelet. July 19-Aug 30. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

BROWSE & DARBY

19 Cork St, W1 (734 7984/5).

French & British Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture (1860-1960). The Degas pastel *Femme se coiffant* is included in this annual exhibition plus a group of Pont Aven works by Roderic O'Connor & Henri Moret, eight paintings by Sickert & sculpture by Rodin, Moore & Hepworth. Until Aug 2. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

Caribbean Art Now. This exhibition will show whether the Tate's neglect of this large section of our community, & apparent lack of interest in its culture & heritage, is justified. Until Aug 4. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

Second Crafts Council Open: Musical Instruments. Includes early & folk musical instruments of David Munrow, the early-



Picasso's first linocut *Buste de Femme*, 1958, after a painting by Lucas Cranach the Younger. The artist's images of women from 1922 to 1970, in lithographs, linocuts and etchings can be seen at Lumley Cazalet.

music pioneer who died 10 years ago. Until Aug 31. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL SHOP

V&A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 5070).

Candace Bahouth & Howard Raybould. One of Britain's leading tapestry makers, plus a remarkably fresh and spontaneous wood carver who has learned much from Japan. July 5-31. Mon-Thurs & Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm.

LUMLEY CAZALET

24 Davies St, W1 (499 5058).

Picasso: Images of Women. Prints on the theme of feminine beauty, some from the collection of the artist's granddaughter, Marina. Thirty-three lithographs, linocuts & etchings. Until July 18. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

Andy Warhol: Self-portrait 1986. The Pop artist's latest self-portraits. July 8-Aug 22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

FINE ART SOCIETY

148 New Bond St, W1 (629 5116).

Sculpture in Britain Between the Wars. For most people, sculpture in this period is summed up by three names—Moore, Epstein & Hepworth. The exhibition aims to show the huge variety of style extant at the time—nearly 50 artists are represented. Until Aug 1. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488).

Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934). Inspired in 1911 by Picasso's Cubist paintings, this Spanish sculptor went on to become a major innovator—one of the first in the 20th century to work in iron & copper. Until Sept 6. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (261 0127).

Dreams of a Summer Night. The British art world has always been reluctant to acknowledge peripheral cultures. Scandinavian painting has made some impact thanks to the genius of Edvard Munch. This show expands our view, with superb Nordic symbolists & expressionists, among them Hammershoi & Gallen-Kallela. July 10-Oct 5. £2.50; concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

MALL GALLERIES

17 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (930 6845).

The Royal Society of British Artists. Four hundred works by members of the society, including Lord Thorneycroft, Peter Greenham, Peter Garrard, Willi Soukop & Margaret Thomas. July 1-13. Daily 10am-5pm, closed July 12. £1, concessions 50p.

The Society of Wildlife Artists' 23rd Exhibition. Paintings range from exact, bookworthy studies of birds to looser interpretations of nature such as Bruce Pearson's salmon leaping upstream & Richard Tratt's Surrey landscapes. July 16-21. Daily 10am-5pm. £1, concessions 25p.

MATTHIESEN FINE ART

7/8 Mason's Yard, Duke St, SW1 (930 2437).

Baroque Three: The Evolution of the Style. This gallery is famous for its ability to winkle out important & often hitherto unknown Old Masters. The show includes work by Italian masters of the High Baroque—Giordano, Salvatore Rosa, Cavallino, Castiglione & Guido Reni—plus works by northerners who visited Italy. Until Aug 15. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

The Artist's Eye; Patrick Caulfield. Caulfield's choice demonstrates two self-confessed prejudices—against narrative & against religious imagery. One feature is a fine group of atmospheric interiors. Until Aug 10. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

John Player Portrait Award 1986. The winners & selected entries from this prestigious portrait competition, now in its seventh year. Until Aug 31.

Twenty for Today: New Portrait Photography. Features the talents of 20 leading photographers aged under 40. Until Aug 25. 50p, concessions 25p.

NEW ART CENTRE

41 Sloane St, SW1 (235 5844).

Elizabeth Vellacott. A gentle talent, bound to please many private collectors. July 10-28. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-3pm.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

49 Church Rd, Barnes, SW13 (748 8850).

Artists of Today & Tomorrow: Part I. Figurative work by about 50 artists including Fred Cuming, Bernard Dunstan, Ken Howard & Ruskin Spear. The gallery mixes work by these well known academicians with that of younger artists such as Peter Kuhfeld, Paul Newland & Alex Lumley. July 2-26. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

MICHAEL PARKIN GALLERY

11 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 8144).

Sladey Ladies. Paintings, drawings, prints & sculpture by women artists at the Slade School of Art which opened to both men & women in 1871. Until July 5. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

218th Summer Exhibition. Mix of the good & the bad. Until Aug 24. £2.40, £1.60, £1.20. REVIEWED ON P65.

Association of Consultant Architects. A detailed exhibition designed to help the public understand the work of architects across the country. July 10-20. Daily 10am-6pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Barry Flanagan: Prints & Sculpture. Flanagan's major success as a sculptor is one of the oddities of our time, given his apparent determination to send up the whole creative process. His drawings & prints are different in kind: they show the ineradicable gift of the natural draughtsman. Until Aug 31.

Terry Winters. Yet another young American superstar, Winters is a bit more civilized than Schnabel—his imagery is based on plant & crystalline forms—but an almost equally hot ticket in the New York market. Until July 20.

Oskar Kokoschka 1886-1980. Centenary exhibition. Until Aug 10. FEATURED JUNE, 1986.

Jasper Johns: "Savarin" Monotypes. Johns is one of the thriftiest recyclers in the business. This suite of 17 monotypes uses proofs of the lithograph *Savarin* 1977-81. Until Aug 31.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq, SW1 (834 7856).

Richard Gilbert. Work by a powerful new figurative artist who was the first winner of the £10,000 post-graduate painting award sponsored by Barclays. Until Aug 1. Wed-Sun 10am-5pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Victor Willing. A tribute to an extraordinary artist, at the same time Surrealist & Expressionist, who is not as well known as he should be because he spent 20 crucial years in Portugal, returning to Britain only in 1975. Significantly Victor Willing is one of the few British artists represented in the Saatchi Collection. Until July 20. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the Past. Achievements of the past 40 years are graphically explained. "Pete Marsh", the 2,500-year-old legless corpse from Cheshire, makes his live debut. Despite recent television appearances, Lindow Man, as he is properly called, should not be allowed to steal the show. There are other exciting displays such as a reconstructed third-century BC chariot-burial. July 3-Feb 15; 1987. £1.50, concessions 50p. SEE FEATURE P60.

Florentine Drawings of the 16th Century. Drawings from the BM's outstanding collection by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael & others. Until Aug 17.

Money: From Cowrie Shells to Credit Cards. Traces the story of money from its origins to the present day. Until Oct 26.

St Augustine of Hippo (354-430) 1,600th anniversary celebration of the conversion to Christianity of a saint considered the first great genius of the Western Church. July 11-Sept 28.

The City in Maps: Urban Mapping to 1900. Drawing on the resources of the British Library the development of urban cartography is charted from the earliest printed maps of the 1480s until the end of the last century. Until Dec 31, 1987.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

Battle of the Somme. Letters, diaries, & photographs go on show to mark the 70th anniversary of the bloodbath in which more than one million men died. July 1-Aug 25. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Let's Face It. An all-revealing exhibition that through pictures, beauty aids, cosmetics & contemporary comments mirrors the history of facial appearance & hairstyles in London since the 18th century. Until Sept 28. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

MUSEUM ROADSHOW

Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1.

History comes alive as museums from all over the country set out to involve the onlooker who will be able to stand inside a soap bubble, weave on an Iron Age loom & watch coins being minted. July 19 & 20, 10am-10pm both days.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

Patriots & Liberators: Anglo-Spanish Military Co-operation during the Peninsular War, 1808-14. Commemorates the unsung co-operation given to the Anglo-Portuguese forces under Wellington by the Spanish army, contributing to the expulsion of the French from Iberia. Until July 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. ➤➤



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"Pete Marsh" at the British Museum: the Iron Age body from the bog, properly known as Lindow Man, was found at Lindow Moss, Cheshire, in 1984.

MUSEUMS continued

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Chancery Lane, WC2 (405 0741).

The Domesday Exhibition. A fascinating study that reveals how the English farmed & fed & who lorded it over whom in the year 1086. Until Sept 30. £2.50, concessions £1.25. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

William Mulready. Early Victorian painting remains less well known than that of the Pre-Raphaelites & their successors. William Mulready will make new friends for the art of the period—he has much of the sparkle of Wilkie. July 2-Oct 12.

American Potters Today. A recently donated collection, formed with the museum in mind by leading expert Garth Clark, shows the immense variety & energy of contemporary American ceramics. Until Aug 31.

Masterpieces of Photography 1839-1986. A retrospective showing the evolution of the art of photography. Until Nov 30. Voluntary admission, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

LECTURES

ARTS CENTRE

98 High St, Croydon (688 8624).

Quennell on Autobiography. Peter Quennell considers the development of this literary form from St Augustine to Ruskin & George Moore. July 1, 8pm. £1.

DILETTANTI

44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (749 7096).

Firle Place & Glynde Place. Lecture on two Elizabethan Sussex houses & their collections (July 14, 6.45pm), followed by a visit (July 16). Cost for both events £23.50.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3444).

Geology on Holiday. Three illustrated lectures by Dr Peter Clough. *Northumberland*, July 17. *Dorset & the Isle of Wight*, July 24. *The Yorkshire coast*, July 31. 2.30pm each day.

LYTTELTON, NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

Antony Sher, back from a tour of Australia in the RSC's *Richard III*, takes to the platform to answer questions from the audience about his work. July 31, 6pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

A series of workshops & demonstrations will be held to coincide with the museum's *Let's Face It* exhibition. *Face for the times*: how to create the looks of the 18th century, 1920s & 1960s (July 8 & 17, 1pm). *Metamorphosis*: special effects for film, theatre & television (July 9, 1pm). *Scentsation*: history of scent (July 10, 1pm; July 15, 3pm). *Cucumbers, coconuts & camomile*: cosmetics from nature (July 11, 1pm). *Let's fake it*: your chance to be made up in period style by an expert (July 12 & 13, 2.30pm). *Facing up to Shakespeare*: Brenda Leedham, head of make-up at the RSC, makes up a Shakespearian character from a current production (July 16, 1pm). *Party pieces*: ideas for disguise (July 18, 1pm).

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Fierce Fishes. What poisonous seaside visitor hid in Dorset sands last summer awaiting the patter of bare feet? How dangerous are piranhas, moray eels, stingrays, stonefish & sharks? These & all those grisly questions raised by *Jaws* will be tackled here. Holiday-makers take note. July 5, 3pm.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

National Poetry Centre, 21 Earls Court Sq, SW5 (373 7861/2).

W. S. Graham Commemorate Reading. Recollections by John Heath-Stubbs of the poet who died earlier this year followed by readings from *Collected Poems* 1942-1977. July 10, 7.30pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

The Artist Abroad. *Rubens at Whitehall*, July 6. *Turner in Venice*, July 13. *A Persian painter at the Mughal court*, July 20. *Charles Rennie Mackintosh in Vienna & Joseph Hoffman in Brussels*, July 27. All at 3.30pm. Details on fine art lectures for the summer from the museum.

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Selected Watercolours. English country scenes such as *The Ferry* by Myles Birket Foster (estimate £1,000-£1,500), harvesters lunching in a field by Augustus Walford Weedon (£400-£600), & a view of Salisbury

across a river by Henry John Kinnaird (£1,000-£1,400). Eleven Heath Robinson sketches are expected to fetch £600-£800. July 2, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

English & Foreign Silver. Two of the world's best collections are offered—that of George Booth of Warrington with work by David Willaume & Daniel Piers, & that of Ernest Augustus including Hanoverian royal silver hidden by loyal servants during war in 1866 & which resurfaced in the 1920s. July 9, 10.30am.

English Pictures. Sporting pictures are selling well—on offer here is *The Shooting Party*, 1818, by John Ferneley Senior (£100,000-£150,000), & *Gayman*, by the same artist—a portrait of the only hunter capable of carrying Thomas Webb Edge who weighed more than 16 stone (£70,000-£100,000). The less hefty strongman, *The Infant Hercules*, 1788, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is expected to fetch £80,000-£100,000. July 11, 10.30am.

European Sculpture. Highlights are Vincenzo Foggini's marble group of Samson slaying two Philistines from Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire (displayed in the recent Treasure Houses of Britain exhibition in Washington), & a marble bust of Shakespeare by Michael Rysbrack. July 15, 10.30am.



Lambeth delft figure of Apollo, 1679, from the Rous Lench collection at Sotheby's, July 1.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

BBC Woman's Hour/Red Cross Sudan Appeal. A charity auction with all sorts on offer. July 3, 7.30pm.

Printed Ephemera. The 20th-century section includes Charlie Chaplin's bowler hat & cane & Sir Harry Lauder's gnarled walking-stick. July 17, 2pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Traditional Rivercraft. A selection of boats, from punts & canoes to steam-powered vessels, will be sold at Fawley Meadows, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxon. July 12, 2pm.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Rous Lench Collection. Includes the most

important group of English ceramics remaining in private hands, also early furniture, stone & wood carvings. The collection, formed over 40 years by the late Tom Burn of Rous Lench Court, Worcestershire, will be split into four sales expected to total about £1½ million. *English pottery & porcelain*, July 1, 10.30am & 2.30pm. *European works of art*, July 3, 10.30am. *Early furniture, treen & needlework*, July 4, 10.30am. *Furniture, clocks & barometers & English enamels*, July 7, 5.30pm.

18th- & 19th-century British Drawings & Watercolours. Turner's Channel sketchbook is one of only four of his work-books known to survive. Containing 88 leaves of watercolours & pencil studies, believed to be of the Kent coast c 1845, it is estimated to fetch around £100,000. July 10, 11am.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

Peugeot Talbot Games, Crystal Palace, SE19. July 11.

Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh. July 24-August 2. SEE HIGHLIGHTS p8.

BOXING

WBA heavyweight title fight: Frank Bruno (GB) v Tim Witherspoon (US), Wembley Stadium, Middx. July 19.

CRICKET

Cornhill Insurance Test series: England v India, Third Test match, Edgbaston, July 3-5, 7, 8; v New Zealand, First Test match, Lord's, July 24-26, 28, 29.

Texaco Trophy, one-day international: England v New Zealand, Headingley, July 16; Old Trafford, July 18.

Benson & Hedges Cup final, Kent v Middlesex Lord's. July 12.

CROQUET

MacRobertson Shield, Test series: Great Britain v Australia, Compton Club, Eastbourne, July 1-3; v New Zealand, Hunstanton, Norfolk, July 10-12; v Australia, 16 Elianore Rd, Colchester, July 14-16; Australia v New Zealand, Southwick, Brighton, July 5-7.

Open Championships, Hurlingham Club, SW6. July 19-26.

GOLF

Open Championship, Turnberry, Strathclyde. July 17-20. FEATURED ON p54.

HORSE RACING

Coral Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park, Surrey. July 5.

King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes, Ascot. July 26.

"Glorious Goodwood" week, Goodwood, W Sussex. July 29-Aug 2.

MOTOR RACING

Shell Oils British Grand Prix, Brands Hatch, Kent. July 13.

ROWING

Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxon. July 3-6.

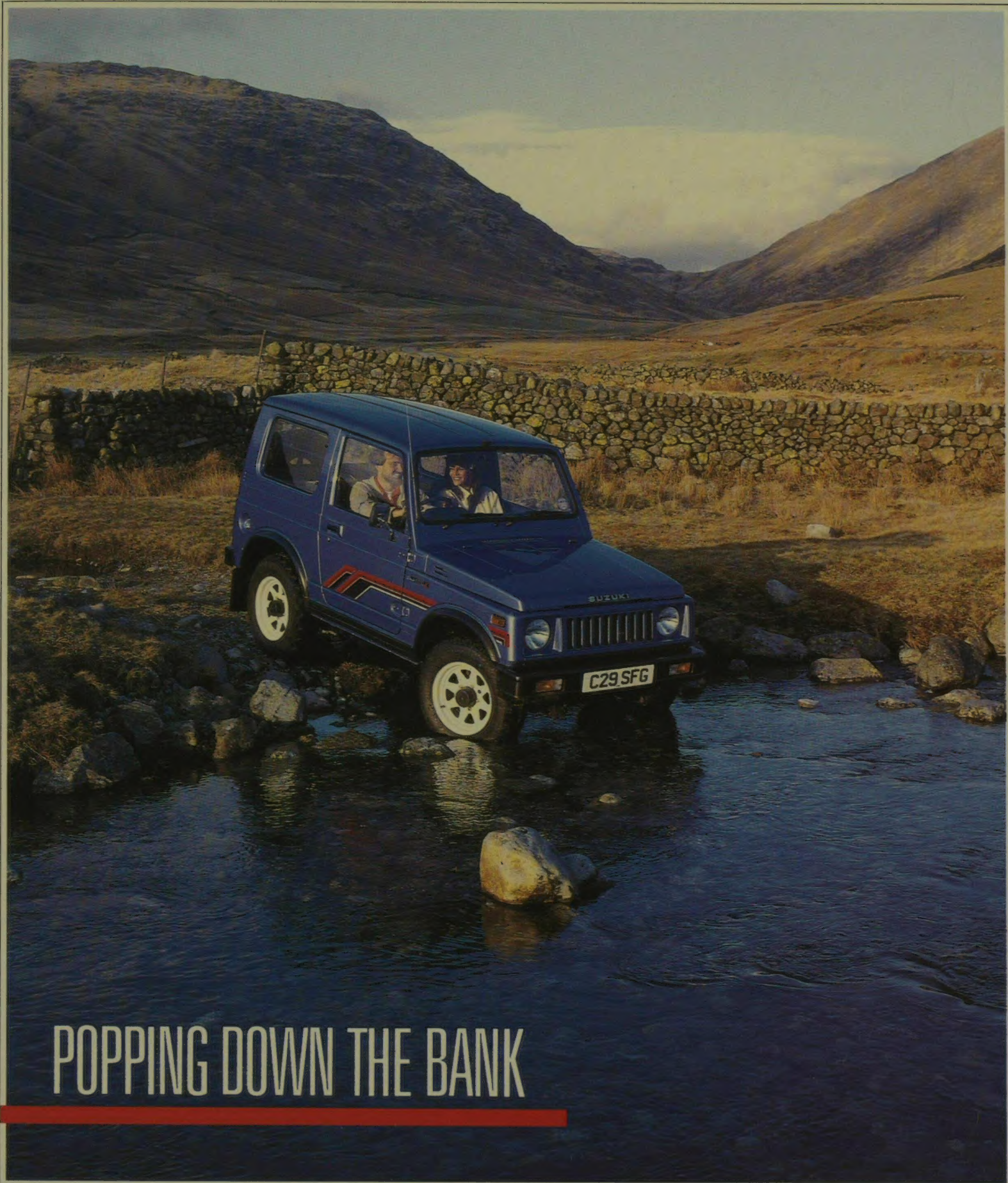
National Rowing Championships, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. July 19, 20.

TENNIS

The Championships, All-England Club, Wimbledon, SW19. June 23-July 6 (ladies' finals, July 5; men's finals July 6).

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01-in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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
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